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This is No. 109.

G. P. Putnam's Son,

October, 1915.







1990

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THE LETTERS OF
WASHINGTON IRVING
TO
HENRY BREVOORT

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY
GEORGE S. HELLMAN

*"Sub Sole
Sub Umbra
Virens"*

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOLUME TWO

NEW YORK
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
The Knickerbocker Press
1915

AL 1963.140 (2)

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The Knickerbocker Press, New York

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**LETTERS OF WASHINGTON IRVING
TO HENRY BREVOORT**

LETTERS OF WASHINGTON IRVING
TO HENRY BREVOORT

Birmingham, Jan² 29th 1817.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I have your letter of the 21st Nov. which as usual is full of interesting matter about those I most love and care for. How much am I indebted to you for these repeated and persevering acts of friendship. I wish I could give you details equally interesting in return; but in my present monotony of life and almost torpor of intellect it is a matter of difficulty to finish out a letter.

I have made an arrangement with Mess. Longman, Hurst & Co. to furnish me with Books at the same rate they supplied Renwick. The greater part of the old works you wrote for has been sold. They have sent me such as

BIRMINGHAM, JANUARY 29th 1817

remained on hand, and a few others that I ordered from a supplementary catalogue. They publish a new catalogue shortly which I shall send you. I must beg your indulgence in retaining a few of these works by me for a little while, as I wish very much to look over them & presume you are not in immediate want of them, but only desire them to complete your library. I shall be very careful of them. Longman & Co. have promised to look out for the other works you ordered, and to send them to me as they come to hand.

Peter passed the Holydays with us and returned to Liverpool about ten days since. He is in excellent health and we enjoyed ourselves highly together in spite of hard times. I am in hopes he will be enabled to come up here again before long, if not I shall pay him a visit in Liverpool. The lady Baroness has enriched her husband with another son, and both mother and child are doing well. We shall have a famous troop of Van Tromps.

BIRMINGHAM, JANUARY 29th 1817

They are all uncommonly fine children and a perpetual source of entertainment. We have generally a grand game of romps in the evening, between dinner & tea time, in the course of which I play the flute & the little girls dance. They are but pigmy performers, yet they dance with inimitable grace and vast good will, and consider me as the divinest musician in the world. So thank heavens I have at last found auditors who can appreciate my musical talents.

You wish to know whether in visiting the banks of the Dove I was animated by the recollections of honest old Isaak Walton. I assure you I bless the memory of that illustrious old angler a thousand times for having suggested to me an excursion fraught with the most pleasurable incidents. Among these our ramble thro' Dove Dale was peculiarly delightful. Peter & myself went over there from Matlock. At the last place we had become slightly acquainted with old Bishop

BIRMINGHAM, JANUARY 29th 1817

Bathurst of Norwich & his family, Sir Thomas Williams (vice admiral of the Blue) & his lady & a few others, who seemed disposed to be very civil.

It was the good fortune of Peter & myself just after entering Dove Dale, to overtake a party consisting of Sir Thos. Williams & his Lady, the Miss. Bathursts (three lovely girls) & Sir Francis Ford, who is paying attentions to one of the young ladies. They were on a ramble of curiosity like ourselves and had brought provisions with them to make a repast champêtre, that they might be enabled to pass the day in the Dale and return in the evening.

We joined the party and in a few minutes we were all on the most sociable terms. Sir Thomas we found—gentleman Sailor, good humoured, social and interesting—his lady, whom he had married but a year or two before, was much younger than himself, well bred, well informed with a tincture of Chemistry,

BIRMINGHAM, JANUARY 29th 1817

Botany & other fashionable studies. The Miss. Bathursts had that delightful frankness & simplicity of manners which I have so often remarked in the really fine women of this country, and Sir Francis Ford, though not the most polished Baronet I have met with, having been brought up at Barbadoes, was amiable, unassuming, and as agreeable as a man utterly in love can be in the presence of his Mistress. If a man could not be happy with such a party in such a place he may give up all hopes of sublunary felicity. For my part I was in Elysium. Nothing so soon banishes reserve and produces intimacy as a participation in difficulties. The path through the Dale was rugged and beset with petty hazard. We had to toil through thickets & brambles—some times to step cautiously from stone to stone in the margin of the little river where the precipitous hills over hung its current—we had to scramble up into caverns and to climb rocks. All these were calculated to place both

BIRMINGHAM, JANUARY 29th 1817

parties in those relative situations which endear the sexes. I had woman, lovely woman! clinging to me for assistance & protection—looking up with beseeching weakness & dependence in the midst of difficulties & dangers—while I in all the swelling pride of a lord of the creation, looked upon my feeble companion with an eye of infinite benevolence & fostering care—braved every peril of land & water—and sustained a scratched hand or a wet foot with a fortitude that called forth the admiration of the softer sex!

But all these dangers past—when we had descended from the last precipice & come to where the Dove flowed musically through a verdant meadow—then—fancy me as that “Sweetest of Poets” wandering by the course of this romantic stream—a lovely “girl” hanging on my arm—pointing out the beauties of the surrounding scenery—and repeating in the most dulcet voice tracts of heaven born poetry! If a strawberry smothered in

BIRMINGHAM, JANUARY 29th 1817

cream has any consciousness of its delicious situation it must feel as I felt at that moment.

We had proceeded a great distance up the Dale when the day became overcast and a slight shower or two admonished us to return. The showers grew more heavy so that we had to stop occasionally in the caverns of the hills to shelter ourselves. At the last cavern called St. Mary's cave, the rain became heavy & continued. And finding an old woman and her daughter there who had been employed partly as guides & partly to carry the provisions for the repast champêtre, we determined to make our dinner in the cavern. A cloth was spread on the bottom of the cave, and we seated ourselves around on fragments of rock and made a merry banquet. After dinner as the rain continued we had to resort to various amusements to pass away the afternoon. One of the young ladies sang. Sir Thomas Williams sang a whimsical medley—until

BIRMINGHAM, JANUARY 29th 1817

the thought struck us to have a dance in the style of Macbeth's witches. We got the girl that had carried the provisions, to sing a country dance which she did with an invincible gravity of countenance and a resounding nasal twang, while we danced a Boulange. We had after this a long dismal Ballad from the country girl, sang in admirable style; and a most frightful story of a Ghost by the old woman, who had seen it "with her own eyes"! Together with several anecdotes of a gang of gypsies that infested the neighbourhood.

The winding up of the adventures of the Dale was, that the rain continuing with unabating violence, and evening approaching we had to abandon the cavern. As the Dale does not admit of the entrance of carriages, having nothing but a foot path winding thro' it, we were obliged to trudge for a mile and half through a steady pitiless, drenching rain so that by the time we reached the carriages

BIRMINGHAM, JANUARY 29th 1817

we might have been mistaken for a party of river deities just dripping from the Dove. All parties however were in such high good humour that even the descending torrents could not extinguish or allay our gaiety. Peter was unutterably delighted with the occurrences of the day and begged me to assure you that the ramble about Loch Katrine was "a fool to it"—I rather think however you will not be able to comprehend the pleasures of this memorable ramble in any very lively manner from the brief sketch I have scrawled out. The delights of any party of pleasure of the kind are occasioned by so many little indescribable circumstances, fugitive feelings and temporary excitements, that you may as well attempt to give a deaf man an idea of the chromatic graces and delicate inflexions of a strain of music. I might have expanded my detail of this ramble over the scenes hallowed by honest Walton's simple muse, through a sheet or two more—but I

BIRMINGHAM, JANUARY 29th 1817

am always impatient & diffident of these narratives—lest I am only entertaining myself with agreeable recollections, which may be tedious & trifling to those in whom they do not awaken the same associations.

I must conclude this scrawl that it may be forwarded to Liverpool with other letters that are going. I shall write to you in a day or two & give you a list of the Books I have procured.

By the way I wish you to send me by the first private opportunity, or by some Captain of a vessel that knows our house in L'pool—a copy that you have in your possession of "*Style's Judges*"; it is a little old book giving an account of the regicides who took refuge in America. I wish to shew it to an old gentleman here, who has a curiosity on the subject, and will return it carefully to you.

I have rec^d a letter & Barrel of apples from my good friend Mrs. Bradish & will answer her letter in a day or two. Give my affectionate

BIRMINGHAM, JANUARY 29th 1817

remembrances to her & Eliza & the Claypooles
if still with you.

Remember me to the household.

Yours ever

W. I.

LIVERPOOL, MARCH 10th 1817

Liverpool, March 10th 1817.

DEAR BREVOORT:—

By Mr. Selden, who sails in the Nestor I forward you the following works.

Sir Edward Barry on the Wives of the

Ancients 1 vol.

The Simple Cobler of Aggawam in

America &c. 1 vol.

Cumberland on the first plants of

Nations 1 vol.

Conversations on political Economy 1 vol.

Jeremy Taylor's dissuasion from

Popery 1 vol.

Hurds dissertations 3 vols.

La Houtan's Voyages 2 vols.

Remains of Sir Walter Raleigh 1 vol.

Raleigh's arts of Empires 1 vol.

History of Patient Grissel—(old pamphlet)

Virginia impartially examined 1 vol.

Longman & Co. New catalogue

LIVERPOOL, MARCH 10th 1817

Along with them I send the following works belonging to Col. Gibbs which I wish you to return to him with my thanks, and offers of any services I can render him in Europe.

Sonnini, Voyage dans L'Egypte	3 vols.
Voyage de la Propontide &c	2 vols.
Voyages dans la Syrie	2 vols.
Grece et Turquie	2 vols.
a volume of plates & maps to ditto—	
Constantinople	2 vols.

Besides the books I have forwarded on your account, I have likewise O'Gilvy's America, Hennepin's Voyage and Stith's Hist. of Virginia. These three Peter and myself wish to read, and therefore have taken the liberty to detain them a little while. Many of the Books you wrote for had been sold by Longman & Co. previous to my application; but they have promised to look out for them for me. I expect to go up to London this Spring & will

LIVERPOOL, MARCH 10th 1817

then look round for the books mentioned in your order that are deficient.

I have been in Liverpool a fortnight and have been continually on the point of writing but the wind which has detained the shipping here for nearly two months, having still blown obstinately from the west, I have postponed the thing from day to day. The wind is now getting round and the ships will probably get away in a few hours. I am therefore all in a hurry & have not time to write but this scrawl.

Mercer & Leavenworth are on the point of sailing & will give you all the news & gossip of the day. Mercer has been the very mirror of fashion in Liverpool.

I wrote to you at some length about a month or six weeks since & believe the letter is now on board one of the ships in the harbour.

I am my dear Brevoort

Affectionately yours

W. I.

LIVERPOOL, MARCH 10th 1817

P. S. I wish you to send out any good views, either engravings or drawings that you can procure of *New York* & the adjacent Scenery. Selden will hand you the last No^o of the Edinburgh & Quarterly Rev^o

vol. II—2

LIVERPOOL, MARCH 24th 1817

Liverpool, March 24th 1817.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

Richards informs me that he has written to you requesting your friendly assistance in the investigation and settlements of the concerns of the New York house (And[—] Ogden & Co.). He appears very anxious to secure your earnest attention to this business. It will no doubt be a very disagreeable task to you, but when you consider how completely poor Richards' fortunes are in jeopardy—how worthy a fellow he is, and how promptly and liberally he behaved towards yourself when your fortunes depended upon the turn of a die, and when any backwardness on his part would have suffered the golden moment to pass by, I am sure your own good heart will need no further impulse to do everything that lies in your power to promote his interest. I will not therefore dwell on the subject. You will learn from Richards' letters and from conversations with Selden all the particulars of

LIVERPOOL, MARCH 24th 1817

the case. It is a most cruel one, and that intolerable dolt (for I hope he is no *worse*) And[—] Ogden, has a vast deal to answer for. I feel most deeply anxious for Richards & Selden. Their acts of kindness to us have been many and momentous & independent of grateful considerations, the fairness, liberality and honourable disposition that had been manifested in all their dealings have ever my strongest regard.

It seems a long time since I last heard from you. The singular perversity of the seasons interrupts the communications of friendship as well as the concerns of business. "The times are sadly out of joint."—I am in hopes as the wind is favourable, there will be an arrival in a day or two that will bring me some intelligence from home. I have been for a month at Liverpool—and count the days as they lag heavily by. Nothing but my wish to be with Peter & relieve the loneliness of his life will induce me to remain an hour in this

LIVERPOOL, MARCH 24th 1817

place. It is a bustling busy town, but to me a very uninteresting one. I have received attentions from some people who seem both amiable and intelligent; but the good folks here are both too busy & too dissipated to be social, and a stranger who has not business to employ his time will find it a dead weight on his hands.

I have become rather sociable with some of the officers of the 85th, part of which regiment is quartered here, and am highly pleased with them. Among them are Lt. Col. Warburton, whom you may recollect in New York immediately after the peace, and Lt. Col. Brown, who was at the capture of Washington, & was left there among the wounded. Warburton bears honourable testimony to the hospitable treatment he received in New York, and Brown speaks with unaffected warmth & gratitude of the extreme kindness of the people of Washington, who came not with-standing he was one of a band that had laid

LIVERPOOL, MARCH 24th 1817

waste their homes & spread barbarous destruction around, vied with each other in bestowing the tenderest & most soothing alleviations to his sufferings. He expresses the strongest disapprobation of the excesses committed at the capitol. There is in the regiment also a very fine young fellow, Charles Fox a son of Lord Holland, he has a noble frankness & ingenuousness of disposition & a degree of enthusiasm that I do not often find in the English character. He has been particularly civil to me & has repeatedly expressed a wish that I would take introductory letters to his father & friends when I go to London.

I hope Peter will get through the occupations & entanglements of business sufficiently in the course of a few weeks so as to be enabled to accompany me in some excursion that will enliven & refresh us both & be like turning over a new page in existence,—for life has been but a dull & tedious tale to us both for some time past. I am now & then most heartily

LIVERPOOL, MARCH 24th 1817

home sick, and once in a great while I feel as if I could almost be sick of the world, if I chose to give way to such weaknesses of the spirit; but these fits are but transient and the result of the life of inactive suspense I have been compelled of late to lead. I never suffer them to get a lodgment in my mind, but shake them resolutely out. In a little while the stream of events will again resume a lively & animating current; in the meantime I shall live on patiently & calmly, being most truly & solemnly convinced that there is a wise & good providence that over rules our destinies and directs everything for the best.

Remember me affectionately to those whom you know I love and believe me my dear Brevoort

Ever most truly yours

W. I.

LIVERPOOL, MAY 20th 1817

Liverpool, May 20th 1817.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

Mrs. Schmidt and her sister Helen Bache are on the point of embarking for New York. I cannot let them depart without sending you a line, though I have nothing worth communicating. They have revived a thousand recollections of past scenes of innocent pleasure and light-hearted enjoyment. Mrs. Schmidt has given me several anecdotes of you while on a visit at Kinderhook which completely placed you before me. She has a pretty knack at narration, and indeed I have been delighted by the pleasing *naïve* manner in which both these little lady travellers recount their adventures and the wonders they have seen. Mrs. Schmidt looks pale and delicate; she is too tender a plant to bear much rough weather. Helen is greatly improved in every respect since I saw her in America. She will no doubt be a belle on her return, and as you are a veteran in the fashionable world I commend

LIVERPOOL, MAY 20th 1817

her to your fostering countenance & protection. You can't think how my heart warms at the sight of these lovely little beings associated as they are with home feelings & home recollections. Their sudden appearance in Liverpool has been like an "Angel visit" to me, and like angels they seem to beckon me away to a better world; but sinful mortal that I am, I must still linger behind on this dim spot of earth. I have assisted shewing them the Lions of Liverpool, which they have regarded with the supreme sang-froid of experienced travellers, intimating that they have seen vast deal better things in Germany. Helen Bache takes notes and threatens to eclipse Lady Morgan's France. I beg you will be particular in questioning her about Wrexham Church, Windsor Castle and the rooms at Chester.

I was greatly concerned some short time since at hearing of the death of Mrs. Verplanck. I had previously received very discouraging

LIVERPOOL, MAY 20th 1817

accounts of the state of her health but I hoped the climate of France would have restored her. Verplanck was here about a fortnight since and has gone to Scotland. He seemed in good health and tolerable spirits, though thinner than usual. His conversation was quite enlivening to me. He talks of returning to the continent & particularly of revisiting Holland previously to his return home. I feel very anxious for Mrs. Hoffman's health. The repeated trials she is doomed to undergo, must, in spite of her habitual meekness and resignation, prey on her heart and render life utterly joyless. You tell me that Mr. H. suffers from the hardships of the times. I should have thought men in his profession rather likely to benefit by them. I wish he would give up political life,—it is a vile tissue of petty trick & intrigue in the State of New York, & unaccompanied by either honour or real advantage. His business would always ensure him high respectability and abundant support.

LIVERPOOL, MAY 20th 1817

Yesterday dined at Mr. Davidson's for the first time this season; for I have avoided all company as much as possible. Mrs. Davidson shewed me a letter from Mrs. Renwick which presented a perfect picture of her happy household, and also contained some kind remembrances to myself. I wish when you see Mrs. R—— you would give her my most affectionate recollections, and remember me also to James and his Spouse and the rest of that charming family circle. I hope I have yet some happy days in store to be passed among them when the present storms & glooms of adversity have passed away.

God bless you my dear Brevoort.

Your friend

W. I.

P. S. Peter desires to be commended heartily to you.

BIRMINGHAM, MAY 26th 1817

Birmingham, May 26th 1817.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I forward to you sheets of the greater part of the two first volumes of Campbell's new work, which he had sent to me understanding that I was about to sail for America. He wishes to try if something cannot be procured for them from an American Bookseller. I am sure you will take great pleasure in promoting his interest in this particular; and any emolument that may arrive from the experiment will be of importance to him for I believe his purse is rather light.

He does not seem very sanguine of the result and is willing to abide by any bargain that can be made. He is afraid the work will not appear very tempting to an American Bookseller on the first inspection of the sheets forwarded & that he may not be captivated by the selection from old & almost obsolete authors, which take up the earlier part; but he says the last half of the publication is better

BIRMINGHAM, MAY 26th 1817

than the present, and not so dry. The whole will be preceded by a dissertation giving an account of all the eminent poets & containing a conspectus of the history of English poetry. This I make no doubt will be a most able and interesting article. This prefatory essay he can send in mss. but nothing else as he makes continual alterations while the work is printing. He will however send out the sheets as fast as they are printed; so that if a Bookseller begins at once to reprint it he will be able to get the work out in America within a week or two of its appearance here.

An advantage to any Bookseller taking this copy should be that should the work come to a second edition Campbell can supply him with additions that would prevent competition.

Eastburn once agreed to share the profits of the first edition with Mr. Campbell, but I presume Eastburn is not publishing at present & not in circumstances to make a good bargain. If Campbell were to furnish additional matter

BIRMINGHAM, MAY 26th 1817

for the second edition he ought likewise to share the profits of the latter. If you could sell the work out & out for a decent sum down it would be preferable—I have no doubt that Campbell's name & reputation will give the work a run at first, and its merits will render it a *stock book* of regular demand & consequently *good property*. It is therefore well worth the attention of some steady man in the trade. If you make a bargain to share profits take care that it is with some one of this description; in the generality our booksellers are so much on the grasp and the stretch that they never know what their profits are; or if they do, they cannot command money to pay their debts punctually. Should you receive any money for Campbell remit it direct to him at *Sydenham near London*, and you had better communicate direct with him as to any arrangements you may make. Excuse all this trouble which I am giving you my dear fellow, but I know no other channel through

BIRMINGHAM, MAY 26th 1817

which to promote poor Campbell's interest in America.

I received sometime since your kind letter urging my return—I had even come to the resolution to do so immediately, but the news of my dear mother's death put an end to one strong inducement that was continually tugging at my heart, and other reasons have compelled me to relinquish the idea for the present. I have led a fitful miserable kind of life for a long time past—now & then a little gleam of sunshine to rally up my spirits, but always sure to be followed by redoubled gloom. The cares & sorrows of the world seem thickening upon me and though I battle with them to the utmost & keep up a steady front, yet they would sometimes drag me down. However I do not wish to trouble you with my complainings, and if I do not write to you often, believe me it is not for want of having you constantly in my thoughts, but because I have nothing pleasing to write about. Re-

BIRMINGHAM, MAY 26th 1817

member me affectionately to all such as take an interest in my welfare. God keep you my dear Brevoort and keep you prosperous & happy.

Yours sin.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

LIVERPOOL, JUNE 7th 1817

Liverpool, June 7th 1817.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I have made repeated attempts to reply to your letter of 30th. April but have torn the page to pieces before I had filled it; yet I cannot suffer that letter to lie unacknowledged, for it was a perfect cordial to my feelings.

I have felt the correctness of your advice that I should return home & had prepared to do so, but troubles have thickened upon us & I cannot leave Peter to buffet them alone. I do not pretend to render any active assistance. I have long been utterly passive in respect to business; but my company is of importance to keep up his spirits in these trying times. Do not imagine I suffer myself to be broken down and unmanned by complicated evils. I have made up my mind to them & indeed grown familiar with them by dismal anticipation. As you observe it is useless to attempt to "patch up grief with musty proverbs"; there is a nothingness in all

LIVERPOOL, JUNE 7th 1817

verbal consolation & sympathy. The heart is competent to digest its own sorrows.— Your letter gave the true kind of consolation; it filled my mind with agreeable ideas of distant friends, and home scenes, where I yet hope to find some pleasure in existence. You have furnished me with quite a train of pleasing meditations and diverted my thoughts from my own dreary situation.

I am happy to find, by the account you give of my lovely friend Mrs. Campbell, that she has recovered from the shock her spirits must have received from her father's death. It is singular that I had been dreaming of her the very night before I received your letter, and had fancied myself taking a long ramble with her in which she had said a thousand witty & agreeable things, not one of which, as usual, I could recollect on waking. When next you see her, tell her I am infinitely gratified by her friendly recollection. I do not remember the circumstances you allude to of

LIVERPOOL, JUNE 7th 1817

a veto against the story of Jessy Marvin, but it could not help being good as she was concerned in it. I dare say it was some joke at my expense, and I always take care to forget such jokes as soon as possible.

The marriage of Serena L—— is in the best style of modern romance. I hope the Colonel is as amiable in the parlour as he is gallant in the field; if so, he is the very man for her. I should not have liked to hear of her marrying some commonplacéd counting house gentleman.

I have had a very friendly message from Jack Nicholson, through one of his relations resident in Liverpool, & am glad to hear the worthy little Tar is promoted to a Captaincy. He writes that he does not despair of commanding a *seventy four* before he dies; but I rather think Jack was speaking in parables as he must have been about that time opening his batteries upon the younger Miss Nevison who Frank Ogden tells me is "about six

LIVERPOOL, JUNE 7th 1817

feet high." Jack had always too great a heart for his little body.

Moore's new poem is just out. I have not sent it to you, for it is dear and worthless. It is written in the most effeminate taste & fit only to delight boarding school girls and lads of nineteen, just in their first loves. Moore should have kept to songs & epigrammatic conceits. His stream of intellect is too small to bear expansion, it spreads into mere surface.

Mr. & Mrs. Derby have been two or three days in Liverpool but I have not seen them. Indeed I am living like a hermit, passing my time entirely at home, excepting now and then I take a walk out of town for exercise, or pay a visit to Peter Ogden who is in our neighbourhood, and is confined to the house by indisposition. This is a singular contrast to the life I once led, but one gets accustomed to everything, and I feel perfectly contented to keep out of sight of the world, & indeed have at present no relish for society.

LIVERPOOL, JUNE 7th 1817

Such a mode of life affords scanty material for letter writing, and you must excuse me for being very dull. Indeed I had no idea of getting through this letter as well as I have when I commenced.

Remember me affectionately to Mrs. Renwick & her family, to Mrs. Bradish & the girls and to my worthy friend the Governor who I hope still reigns undisturbed over the Colony.

God bless you my dear Brevoort.

Affectionately yours

W. I.

LIVERPOOL, JUNE 11th 1817

Liverpool, June 11th 1817.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I have forwarded you to collect on behalf of Mr. Muncaster, Bookseller, a bill of Exchg. drawn by our house in his favour, on Moses Thomas for books sent the latter. It was the only mode that presented of closing this a/c with the Bookseller; as we did not wish such a petty a/c to be unpaid. I wish you would be accommodating to Thomas in settling it; but he has been remiss in remitting to us in advance, or such an a/c would not have accumulated. It is thus one always gets in petty scrapes by trying to serve others.

VanWart has called a meeting of his creditors on the 23rd inst. They are friendly in their dispositions towards him, & I hope he will get favourable terms.

I write in haste—Peter is well and so am I, which is as much as can be expected in these hard times.

Your friend

W. I.

LIVERPOOL, JUNE 11th 1817

Liverpool, June 11th 1817.

DEAR BREVOORT:—

We have drawn on Mr. Moses Thomas of Philadelphia, in favor of Mr. Thomas Muncaster, Bookseller, Church St., Liverpool, for Books forwarded at various times to Mr. Thomas. As Mr. Muncaster has no correspondent in America, you will do me a favour in collecting the amount of the Bill for him, and forwarding it to his address as above.

Your friend

WASHINGTON IRVING.

P. S. Mr. Muncaster has procured most of the works I formerly sent to you and should you have any further command of this kind I would recommend him to a continuance of your favours.

LIVERPOOL, JUNE 21st 1817

Liverpool, June 21st 1817.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

Mr. Coles, late Secretary of Mr. Madison, is passenger in the Tea Plant & has numbers of the Edinburgh Review for you. I believe you are acquainted with him; if not I hope you will become so as he is a very worthy fellow.—Peter and myself are in good health.

God Bless you—

W. I.

P. S. I believe I some time since requested you to procure me some Books &c. You need not do so, as I shall not have money to repay you. I hope however you have sent me Styles' Judges.

LIVERPOOL, JULY 11th 1817

Liverpool, July 11th 1817.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

Your letter of June 11th has remained for several days unanswered, though I have made many attempts at a reply. I find it almost impossible under the present circumstances to write letters; but your kind inquiries spring from too friendly a feeling to be disregarded.

I have no intention of returning home for a year at least. I am waiting to extricate myself from the ruins of our unfortunate concern after which I shall turn my back upon this scene of care & distress, and shall pass a considerable part of my time in London. I have a plan which, with very little trouble, will yield me for the present a scanty but sufficient means of support, and leave me leisure to look round for something better. I cannot at present explain to you what it is—you would probably consider it precarious, & inadequate to my subsistence—but a small matter will float a drowning man and I have

LIVERPOOL, JULY 11th 1817

dwell so much of late on the prospect of being cast homeless & pennyless upon the world; that I feel relieved in having even a straw to catch at.

I have weighed every thing *pro and con* on the subject of returning home and have for the present abandoned the idea. My affections would at once prompt me to return, but in doing so, would they insure me any happiness? Would they not on the contrary be productive of misery? I should find those I love & whom I had left prosperous—struggling with adversity without my being able to yield them comfort or assistance. Every scene of past enjoyment would be a cause of regret and discontent. I should have no immediate mode of support & should be perhaps a bother to my friends who have claims enough on their sympathy & exertions. No—no. If I must scuffle with poverty let me do it out of sight—where I am but little known—where I cannot even contrast present penury

LIVERPOOL, JULY 11th 1817

with former affluence. In this country I have a plan for immediate support—it may lead to something better—at any rate it places me for the time above the horrors of destitution or the more galling mortifications of dependence.

Besides I am accustomed & reconciled to the features of adversity in this country; but were I to return to America I should find it under a new face and have to go through something of what I have already experienced, to get on similar terms of familiarity.

I hope I have now given you sufficient reason for my remaining abroad. My mind is made up to it: & though now and then, when I get letters from home, particularly yours, which paint home scenes so vividly, I feel my heart yearning towards New York with almost a sickly longing, yet I am convinced I am acting for the best.

I wish circumstances would induce you to come out to Europe. You talk of visiting

LIVERPOOL, JULY 11th 1817

Canada—why not cross the Atlantic? The obstacles are merely ideal. Three weeks would land you in England—a profit might be combined with the visit. But I don't wish to hold out temptations that may lead to evil.

Remember me affectionately to such of my friends as inquire after me, and if any complain of my not writing to them, tell them I have lost the art.

God Bless you my dear Brevoort.

Your friend

W. I.

LIVERPOOL, JULY 21st 1817

Liverpool, July 21st 1817.

DEAR BREVOORT:—

Sometime since I forwarded to you our Bill on Moses Thomas for 70 £ Stg. in favour of Mr. Thomas Muncaster, with a request that you would collect it and forward the proceeds to Muncaster. This was for the purpose of securing a debt to the latter for books purchased for Thomas. We have lately received a remittance from Thomas of 100£. Should therefore our Draft on him have been presented & accepted, you need not present it for pay: but cancel it & return it to us.

By Mr. M. Evers, who sails in the Anna Maria, I send you a collection of discoveries &c. in Africa.

I write in haste as the bag is about to be taken away in which this letter goes.

Your friend

W. I.

EDINBURGH, AUGUST 28th 1817

Edinburgh, August 28th 1817.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:

I received your letter of July 2d a few days since, while in London, but had not time to answer it from there, and I now am in such a hurry of mind and body that I can scarce collect my thoughts & settle myself down long enough to write. I was in London for about three weeks, when the town was quite deserted. I found however sufficient objects of curiosity & interest to keep me in a worry; and amused myself by exploring various parts of the City; which in the dirt and gloom of winter would be almost impossible. I passed a day with Campbell at Sydenham. He is still simmering on his biographical & critical labours and has promised to forward more letter press to you. He says he will bring it out the coming autumn. He has now been taxing his brain with this cursed work some years, a most lamentable waste of time and poetic talent. Campbell seems to have an inclination to pay

EDINBURGH, AUGUST 28th 1817

America a visit, having a great desire to see the country, and to visit his brother, whom he has not seen for many years. The expense however is a complete obstacle. I think he might easily be induced to cross the seas, and his visit made a very advantageous one to our Country. He has twelve lectures written out, on Poetry & Belles Letters, which he has delivered with great applause to the most brilliant London audiences. I believe you have heard one or two of them. They are highly spoken of by the best judges. Now could not subscription lists be set on foot in New York and Philadelphia, among the first classes of people, for a course of Lectures in each City and when a sufficient number of names are procured to make it an object, the lists sent to Campbell with an invitation to come over and deliver the lectures? It would be highly complimentary to him, would at once remove all pecuniary difficulties and if he accepted the invitation his lectures would have a great ef-

EDINBURGH, AUGUST 28th 1817

fect in giving an impulse to American literature and a proper direction to the public taste. Say the subscription was \$10 for the course of lectures—I should think it an easy matter to fill up a large list at that rate, for how many are there in New York who would give that price to hear a course of lectures on Belles Letters from one of the first Poets of Great Britain? I sounded Campbell on the subject and have no doubt that he would accept such an invitation. Speak to Renwick on the subject and if you will take it in hand I am sure it will succeed. Charles King would no doubt promote a thing of this kind, and Dr. Hosack would be delighted to give his assistance, and would be a most efficient aid.

While at London I made the acquaintance of Murray the Bookseller, who you know is a most valuable acquaintance to a stranger, as by his means considerable access is gained to the literary world. I dined with him and met among two or three rather interesting char-

EDINBURGH, AUGUST 28th 1817

acters, old D'Israeli, with whom I was much entertained. He is a cheerful, social old gentleman, full of talk and anecdote. He was curious about America and seemed much pleased with the idea of his works being reprinted and circulated there. I saw two or three of the Lions of the Quarterly Review in Murray's den, but almost all the literary people are out of town; and those that have not the means of travelling lurk in their garrets and affect to be in the country; for you know these poor devils have a great desire to be thought fashionable. I have no doubt I shall find Murray's den a great source of gratification when I return to London. Ogilvie was at London and had just finished a short course of his exhibitions. He had lectured in Freemasons Hall. His lectures had been very well attended considering the season; his audiences applauded and the papers speak well of him. I did not hear any of his orations in London and cannot tell how his success was promoted

EDINBURGH, AUGUST 28th 1817

by the exertions of American and Scotch friends. He however seems to be very well satisfied and has gone to Cheltenham. He intends to deliver orations at a few of the provincial towns and return to London toward winter. I have not time to detail more particulars of London gossip. I left there on the 25th inst. in a packet for Berwick on Tweed, having some occasion to visit Edinburgh & intending to make a short excursion into the Highlands. I found myself among a motley, but characteristic assemblage of passengers. All Scotch and some of them fit studies for Walter Scott. The first part of the voyage was tedious; head winds & bad weather, the latter part however was delightful. I am always in high health & spirits at sea and I cannot express to you how much I was excited when we came on the coast of Northumberland so gloriously sketched off in the second canto of Marmion.

• We had a smacking breeze and dashed

EDINBURGH, AUGUST 28th 1817

gallantly through the waters. We passed by "Dunkanborough's caverned shore" and saw the old Castle of that name seated on a rocky eminence, but half shrouded in morning mist. The day brightened up as we approached Bamborough Castle, which stands in stern and lordly solitude on the sea coast—Scott's description of it is very poetical but accurate.

Thy town proud Bamborough, marked
they these
King Idas castle, huge and square,
From its tall rock look grimly down
And on the swelling ocean frown.

We sailed close by this old ruin and then skirted the Holy isle, where Scott lays the scene of Constance de Beverly's trial and above the remains of St. Cuthberts monastery are still visible. You may imagine the excitement of my feelings in this romantic part of my voyage. I landed at Berwick after being four days on the water, and having satisfied my curiosity with this old and celebrated

EDINBURGH, AUGUST 28th 1817

place, I took coach & rattled off for Edinburgh—and here I am.

This place surpasses my utmost expectations, in regards to its situation and appearance. I think it the most picturesque romantic place I have ever seen except Naples.

I had several letters of introduction but almost everybody is out of town, Mrs. Fletcher and her family are in the Highlands and rather secluded—about four months since they had the misfortune to lose her first daughter (Grace) by a typhus fever.

The day before yesterday I dined with Mrs. Renwick's brother, Mr. Jeffrey, who has been extremely attentive to me. I was very much pleased with him and his family. Mrs. Jeffrey is a very pleasant woman & they have a fine family of children. I left a card the same day at Mr. Francis Jeffrey's (the Reviewer) house. His family are about 3 miles off in the country. He called on me yesterday and invited me to dine with him en famille.

EDINBURGH, AUGUST 28th 1817

I accordingly footed it out to his little castle yesterday in company with his brother John Jeffrey. He has leased for thirty-two years, an old castelated mansion, situated at the foot of a beautiful romantic range of hills, and in a perfect seclusion though but three miles from Edinburgh. He has made considerable additions & alterations, is ornamenting his grounds with great taste, and has altogether one of the most picturesque poetical little domains that the heart of an author would desire. I passed a most agreeable afternoon; my reception was frank, cordial & hospitable and I found Jeffrey an amiable & pleasant man in his own house. I never saw him to such advantage before. Mrs. Jeffrey looks thin & nervous; but is in good spirits, and seems happy, and I think has reasons to be so. They have a charming little daughter of whom Jeffrey seems both fond and proud. I am to dine there again to-day—when I am to meet Dugald Stewart, who, most luck-

EDINBURGH, AUGUST 28th 1817

ily for me, happens just now on a visit to Edinburgh.

I shall also meet Madame LaVoisin, late Comtesse de Rumford and the Lady of Sir Humphrey Davy formerly Mrs. Aprecel.

Sept. 6th. I must scrawl a conclusion to this letter as fast as possible as I am very much pressed for time. I dined at Jeffreys the day mentioned; but was disappointed in meeting Mr. Stewart; he was detained home by indisposition. His wife and daughter were there and we had a large party among whom were also Lord Webb Seymour, whom you may have met as he resides almost continually at Edinburgh. He is brother to the Duke of Somerset, and is a very agreeable unaffected well informed man. Also Mr. Murray an advocate of Edinburgh and one of the writers for the review & several others. Lady Davy talked at a great rate and in charming style—I was very much pleased with her. But allons—the next day I set off for Wilson and reached

EDINBURGH, AUGUST 28th 1817

Selkirk that evening from whence on Saturday morning early I take chaise for the Abbey.

On my way I stopped at the gate of Abbotsford & sent in my letter of introduction to Walter Scott, with a card & request to know whether it would be possible for him to receive a visit from me in the course of the day. Mr. Scott himself came out to see me and welcomed me to his home with the genuine hospitality of the olden-times. In a moment I found myself at his breakfast table, and felt as if I was at the social board of an old friend. Instead of a visit of a few hours I was kept there several days—and such days! You know the charms of Scott's conversation but you have not lived with him in the country—you have not rambled with him about his favorite hills and glens and burns—you have not seen him dispensing happiness around him in his little rural domain. I came prepared to admire him, but he completely won my heart and made me love him. He has a charming family around

EDINBURGH, AUGUST 28th 1817

him—Sophia Scott who must have been quite a little girl when you were here, is grown up, and is a sweet little mountain lassie. She partakes a great deal of her father's character—is light-hearted ingenuous, intelligent, and amiable. Can tell a whimsical story and sing a border song with the most captivating naivete.

Scott was very attentive in showing me the neighboring country. I was with him from morning to night and was constantly astonished and delighted by the perpetual and varied flow of his conversation. It is just as entertaining as one of his novels, and exactly like them in style, point, humour, character & picturesqueness. I parted with him with the utmost regret but received a cordial invitation to repeat my visit on my way back to England, which I think I shall do. I should not forget to mention that he spoke of you in the most friendly terms; and reproached himself for not having written to you; but says he is extremely remiss in letter writing.

EDINBURGH, AUGUST 28th 1817

Since my return to Edinburgh I have dined with Constable the Bookseller, whom I met with Professor Leslie.

Little Blackwood the Bookseller speaks of you with great regard. He says he shall send you the number of a new monthly magazine which he is publishing and which possesses considerable merit. I must conclude, as I have to hurry to Court to hear Jeffrey plead and must make preparations for a short excursion to the highlands.

God bless you.

Your friend

W. I.

P. S. I have received a letter from Carey informing me of the arrangement with Eastburn for Campbell's works; which is very satisfactory. Remember me to all friends—I have heard you repeatedly spoken of in Edinburgh with the highest regard.

LIVERPOOL, OCTOBER 10th 1817

Liverpool, Oct. 10th 1817.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I have received your letter of Aug. 20th, and congratulate you most heartily on the happy change you are about to make in your situation. I had heard rumours of the affair before I received your letters, and my account represented the Lady of your choice exactly such an one as your best friend could have wished for. I am almost ashamed to say that at first the news had rather the effect of making me feel melancholy than glad. It seemed in a manner to divorce us forever; for marriage is the grave of bachelors' intimacy, and after having lived & grown together for many years, so that our habits, thoughts & feelings were quite banded & intertwined, a separation of this kind is a serious matter—not so much to you, who are transplanted into the garden of matrimony, to flourish and fructify and be caressed into prosperity,—but for poor me, left lonely and forlorn, and

LIVERPOOL, OCTOBER 10th 1817

blasted by every wind of heaven.—However, I don't mean to indulge in lamentations on the occasion. Though this unknown piece of perfection has completely escaped my plan, I bear her no jealousy or ill will; but hope you may long live happily together and that she may prove as constant & faithful to you as I have been.—Indeed I already feel a regard for her, on your account, and have no doubt I shall at some future day feel a still stronger one on her own.

I am writing hastily with a mind occupied by various concerns, and in a hurried moment which must account for the insufficiency of this scrawl. I have written to Campbell on the subject of his work.—I had expected long since to have received further portions from him but he is a dilatory being and is simmering over this work like an old woman over a pipkin. I am glad Eastburn did not begin to print, as I perceive there is no depending on Campbell's promptness.—I shall transmit the work as

LIVERPOOL, OCTOBER 10th 1817

fast as I receive it. I feel gratified by the execution my friends are making to get me the situation in London, though I doubt their success. These places are generally given to political favourites. I merely wanted such a situation for a little while. I have no desire to remain long in Europe still while I am here, I should like to be placed on good ground and look around me advantageously. A situation of the kind would have that effect, and would enable me to return home at a proper season, and under favourable circumstances; not to be driven to my native shores like a mere wreck.

The letter enclosed from Smedley & Co. to P. E. Irving & Co. has been forwarded to them and acknowledged & have drawn on them for 60£ of which P & E I & Co are regularly advised.

I must again apologize to you my dear Brevoort for this miserable scrawl but I am excessively hurried.

LIVERPOOL, OCTOBER 10th 1817

Give my love to all the good beings around
you—and to your *wife* too, if by this time you
are married and believe me, as ever

Affectionately yours

W. I.

LIVERPOOL, JANUARY 28th 1818

Liverpool, Jan. 28th 1818.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I have not written to you for some time past for in fact the monotonous life I lead, being passed almost continually within doors, leaves me little to communicate. I have just written to Campbell, stating the contents of your letter of Dec. 4th, and shall let you know his reply the moment I receive it.

I enclose a reply to the kind letter of Mrs. B. but it expresses nothing of what I feel. How happy a period of my life it will be when I once more return home and feel myself among true friends. But I cannot bring myself to think of returning home under present circumstances.

We are now in train to pass through the Bankrupt Act. It is a humiliating alternative but my mind is made up to any thing that will extricate me from this loathsome entanglement in which I have so long been involved—I am eager to get from under this murky

LIVERPOOL, JANUARY 29th 1818

cloud before it completely withers & blights me. For upward of two years have I been bowed down in spirit and harassed by the most sordid cares—a much longer continuance of such a situation would indeed be my ruin. As yet I trust my mind has not lost its elasticity, and I hope to recover some cheerful standing in the world. Indeed I feel very little solicitude about my own prospects—I trust something will turn up to promise me subsistence & am convinced, however scanty & precarious may be my lot I can bring myself to be content. But I feel harassed in mind at times on behalf of my brothers. It is a dismal thing to look round on the wrecks of such a family connexion. This is what, in spite of every exertion, will some times steep my very soul in bitterness. Above all, the situation of my poor brother Ebenezer and his family distresses me. My dear Brevoort, whatever friendship you feel for me, never trouble yourself on my account, but lend a

LIVERPOOL, JANUARY 28th 1818

helping hand, when he is extricated from present difficulties, once more to put him in a way to get forward. He is a capable & indefatigable man of business & in a regular line cannot but make out well. His ruin has been occasioned by circumstances over which he had no control. Do not suppose I am wishing you to jeopard your own interests in the least—but the mere advice and countenance of two or three prosperous men to one in his situation have the most reviving effect. Once get him under way, and he has a cheerful perseverance & steady application that will carry him regularly forward.

Excuse me writing on these irksome subjects—I had determined not to do so any more, but they are upper most in my thoughts and will some time find their way to my pen.

In the course of two or three months I hope to have finally got through difficulties here, and to close this gloomy page of existence—what the next will be that I shall turn over, is

LIVERPOOL, JANUARY 28th 1818

all uncertainty; but I trust in a kind providence that shapes all things for the best, and yet I hope to find future good springing out of these present adversities.

I am my dear Brevoort

Affectionately yours

W. I.

LIVERPOOL, MARCH 22^d 1818

Liverpool, March 22^d 1818.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

If you have not already done so I wish you to remit by the first opportunity to Mess. A. & S. Richards the amount of the Draft paid you by Moses Thomas some time since, I think it was about 70£ Sterling. It was to pay for Books purchased for him, and I have had to borrow of Richards for that purpose. You can tell A. & S. Richards that the money is to be on my account subject to my orders.

I now inclose you a draft on Mr. Thomas for five hundred dollars, which I will thank you to collect. You need not put it in circulation, but account privately with Mr. Thomas for it. I shall draw on you, (probably in favour of A. & S. Richards), as my current expenses require and you may depend on my putting you in funds either by drafts on Mr. Thomas, or in some other way.

I will write in reply to your letter from

LIVERPOOL, MARCH 22^d 1818

Charlestown at a moment of more leisure—
this is merely on business.

Yours ever

W. IRVING.

LIVERPOOL, APRIL 30th 1818

Liverpool, April 30- 1818.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

Your letter of the 8th March, was handed me by the Messⁿ Gibbes, with whom I was very much pleased. They have just left this for London, and gone direct, as fast as coach can carry them; though I urged them almost with tears in my eyes to go by the way of Chester, Shrewsbury, &c &c and to travel leisurely. The weather is heavenly and the country is just breaking out into all the loveliness of Spring—but they were bitten with the travellers' most fatal malady, the eagerness to *get on*—and so away they have gone pell mell for London, where I should almost rejoice to hear they were well besmoked and befogged for their flight of the charms of dame nature.

Your letter most unluckily reached me the very afternoon of the day on which MacGillivray sailed for New York. I did not see him while he was here; and am at a loss to know whether he purchased the Harp for

LIVERPOOL, APRIL 30th 1818

Mrs. Brevoort or not. I shall make inquiry when I go to London; but wish you would write me word at all events whether he has or not—and whether I shall from time to time send Mrs. Brevoort some *choice Musick*, for the Musick that is generally sent out to America is commonplace Sing Song. I hope MacGillivray has not got the Harp, for I think I have means of getting her a very choice one, through the judgment of one of the first Harpplayers in England. There is great choice in the article. You will smile to find me talking knowingly of Musick—but I have become a little of a dabbler. As one mode of battling with the foul fiend during the long and gloomy trial I have undergone I took hold of my flute again and put myself under the tutorship of a master; and now begin to know one end of the instrument from the other.—I found the prescription excellent at times when I could not read and dared not think and thus have extracted some

LIVERPOOL, APRIL 30th 1818

little sweet out of the bitterness of adversity. An application from Mrs. B. for Musick therefore is not more out of my way than yours for Books, and I shall be glad at any time to execute a commission for either of you to the best of my powers.

I shall go to London before long and shall then attend to your request about books—prints &c.

A few days since Peter & myself attended the wedding of Joseph Curwen whom you may recollect as one of the Club of Philadelphia and who has married Miss Selina Gadsden of Charlestown—a lady acquainted with your wife and who has given me many interesting particulars concerning her.—She is a charming woman & will be quite an addition to the American society in Liverpool.

We are waiting here for the final settlement of our concerns; our certificates are going the round for Signature after which Peter will sail for New York—I intend remaining some time

LIVERPOOL, APRIL 30th 1818

longer in England. I have received no answer from Campbell in reply to a letter I wrote him on the receipt of yours. I am surprised at his silence, but it is possible he is a little perplexed, and defers talking on the subject until he comes to Liverpool, which will be shortly, to deliver a course of lectures at the Liverpool Institution.

I have several letters to write by this opportunity and must be brief. Give my best remembrances to Mrs. B. and believe me my dear Brevoort

Affectionately yours

W. I.

LIVERPOOL, MAY 1st 1818

Liverpool, May 1st 1818.

DEAR BREVOORT:—

I some time since enclosed you a draft on Mr. Thomas for five hundred Dollars; I have this day drawn on you at three months after date for a like amount favour of Mess^e A. & S. Richards—I may hereafter draw on you in same way, as it is the most convenient way for me to draw funds from America. I shall always take care to replace any funds I may draw out of your hand without delay—if I do not have them placed there in advance.

I wrote to you some time since likewise to remit to A. & S. Richards the money paid to you by Mr. Thomas last year for his draft. I have had to borrow money of Richards on the presumption that such amount was on the way.

Yours truly

W. I.

LIVERPOOL, MAY 19th 1818

Liverpool, May 19th 1818.

DEAR BREVOORT:—

I have before written to you on the subject of the amount of a draft on Moses Thomas, paid to you some time last year. I find this unlucky little lump of money is undergoing detention in your hands in consequence of some overcaution of my brother Eben² who is either afraid I will be extravagant on the receipt of such a sum or that the ship will sink under the weight of it. If you have not remitted it before the receipt of this, to Silas Richards, do so at once. I have had to borrow from Richards the amount of it to pay for Books sent to Mr. Thomas.

I am happy to inform you that we have had our certificates duly signed and they have only now to go through the Lord Chancellor's hands. It has been a tedious business owing to the scattered residences of our creditors, and to the wrong-headedness of some of them—and as is often the case in matters of the kind

LIVERPOOL, MAY 19th 1818

—we have almost invariably met with delay and perversity when we had every reason to expect the reverse.

It will take a little while to settle all matters here and get the necessary papers for my brother Eben^o discharge, after which Peter will set sail for New York—I hardly think he will get away before the first of July.

The last letters from home mention you as being in New York *en Garçon!* I presume you are building your nest like other happy birds, in the Spring time.

I have already acknowledged your letter containing a request about the Harp &c. The departure of Mr. MacGillivray on the very morning of the day wherein I received the letter without my seeing him has left me completely in the dark whether he has bought the Harp or not.

I had a long letter from James Paulding some days since. He appears to be delightfully and happily situated at Washington:

LIVERPOOL, MAY 19th 1818

but mentions that his health is very delicate. I declare the receipt of this letter has been one of the most pleasing circumstances that I have met with for a long time. It brought back so many recollections of our old literary communions and was written in one of James' most warm hearted moments.

I received a letter from Campbell a few days since wherein he apologizes for not having answered my letter before—the subject of a visit to America—in consequence of a severe fit of illness. I am sorry to say he relinquishes the thing altogether, alledging that he is “too old.” I must confess I had lost almost all expectation of his going out, for he seems to want nerve and enterprize.

I have nothing further to tell you of news. I have little to say of myself, my time passing with great uniformity, being spent chiefly within doors. I have been some time past engaged in the study of the German Language, and have got on so far as to be able to read

LIVERPOOL, MAY 19th 1818

and *splutter* a little. It is a severe task, and has required hard study; but the rich mine of German Literature holds forth abundant reward. Give my best regards to Mrs. B. and believe me my dear fellow

Yours ever

W. I.

LIVERPOOL, MAY 23^d 1818

Liverpool, May 23^d 1818.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I enclose you a draft at sixty days sight for Five hundred Dollars on Moses Thomas, Philadelphia, which I will thank you to present for acceptance. I have this day likewise drawn on you for a like amount at four months date in favour of Silas Richards Esq.

I would observe that no draft I have drawn on you has any relation to a bill drawn on you for Mr. Muncaster on Mr. Thomas and collected by you last year. I have already desired you to remit the proceeds of that bill to Mr. Richards for my account, as I had to borrow the amount of him.

Affectionately yours

WASHINGTON IRVING.

LEAMINGTON, JULY 7th 1818

Leamington, July 7th 1818.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

It is a long while since I have heard from you, and though I know you must be taken up with the cares and comforts and enjoyments of Matrimony, and the novelties of house-keeping and domestic establishments, yet I cannot consent to be so completely forgotten. I don't mean to complain for I know it is the nature of things and what we poor Bachelors must make our minds up to—but only do the thing decently and let me down as easy as possible. I wrote to you some time last winter enclosing a reply to Mrs. B's. kind letter—you have never acknowledged the receipt of that letter—I hope it arrived safe and that you did not in some sudden *fit of jealousy* suppress our correspondence. I am delighted to hear that you have established yourself in the country adjoining to Mrs. Renwick's—how charmingly you must live, with such a delightful circle.

LEAMINGTON, JULY 7th 1818

I wrote to Gouverneur Kemble a long time since but have received no reply. I hope he is doing well at the Foundry.

I am here with my sister Mrs. Van Wart, whose health has suffered of late, but she is now getting quite well again. Van Wart has resumed business in a prosperous style—and I have no doubt of his going on well and ultimately building up a fortune.

I drew two sets of Exchg. on you, each for 500\$ some time since against similar draft on Mr. Thomas forwarded to you for collection. I have heard nothing on the subject but hope this has been honoured—as I depend upon them for ways & means. I shall not trouble you again in that way—as it must be a little out of your way of business but at the time I drew the bill there was no other convenient mode presented itself.

I wish I had something to write about or was in a mood to write something worth reading—but—wretched as this scrawl is, it

LEAMINGTON, JULY 7th 1818

is the best my intellect can furnish out. Accept it therefore as a mere testimony of constant recollections. Give my sincere regards to Mrs. B. and to such of our friends as still think or care about me and believe me as ever

Affectionately yours

W. I.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 23^d 1818

London, Sept. 23^d 1818.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

Permit me to introduce to you Mr. Bartley, late of Drury Lane Theatre, who with Mrs. Bartley is about to make a Tour in the United States. As you have seen the performances of Mrs. Bartley I need say nothing on the subject—except that I consider her visit to America as a most gratifying event to the Lovers of the Drama. The private character & deportment of Mr. & Mrs. Bartley have been such as to secure them the most flattering reception in the best circles of this country, and I feel very solicitous that they should receive similar advantages in America. Permit me therefore to commend them to your attentions and to request that you will interest yourself to make their stay among you both agreeable and advantageous.

Your friend

WASHINGTON IRVING.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 27th 1818

London, Sept. 27th 1818.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

It is some time since I received your letter of July 21: but I am so little in the vein of letter writing now adays that I find myself continually procrastinating. Your letter cheered a dull & lonely hour and made me feel for a little while quite at home and among friends again. I wish you joy of your Son, and hope and trust he will add greatly to the stock of domestic enjoyments that seem continually augmenting around you. Give my congratulations to Mrs. Brevoort on the occasion, if it has not grown too old a story by the time this letter arrives.

I have been in London for about six weeks, and shall make it most probably my headquarters while I remain in England. My health has been but indifferent this summer, having been nervous and debilitated which produced at times great depression of spirits. As the weather grows cool however, I feel

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 27th 1818

myself reviving and hope soon to be myself again.

I believe I mentioned to you in a former letter that I had met with Ogilvie in England. He is now in London and is preparing for another attempt at oratorical display in the Metropolis. He was very successful in Scotland, but has never had a fair chance at the London folks. I think his success here very problematical, though vastly his inferiors have succeeded; but there is great caprice in public taste in London. By the death of a relative he has fallen heir to a little family estate called Dunnydeen, which is sufficient for all his moderate wants. I see him frequently, and am more convinced than ever of the pureness of his intentions, and goodness of his heart. He is quite a visionary but a most interesting one.

You mention that the Booksellers are wanting a new Edition of Knickerbocker. I have been preparing one and am only waiting to

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 27th 1818

get two plates printed to send it out to Moses Thomas for publication. The two plates are excellent engravings from two drawings, by Leslie and Allston. The pictures have great merit. I have ordered two or three hundred proofs of each to be struck off in case any person might be inclined to purchase them for framing as specimens of Allston's & Leslie's abilities. I wish to cover the expenses as far as possible. They have cost a considerable sum—at least considerable to my slender purse. I hope this new edition will bring me in a little money soon or my purse will soon be empty.

I have drawn on Moses Thomas for *three hundred dollars*, in your favour, to pay off a Bookseller's account for Books sent him. I had not intended to trouble you again in this way—but I did not know whether my Brother William would be in town.

Can I be of any service to you in buying Books, as I shall probably be some time in London.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 27th 1818

Remember me to such of my friends as seem to care any thing about me and give my sincere regards to your better half.

I am my dear Brevoort—as ever
Affectionately Yours

W. I.

P. S. I have given Mr. Bartley of Drury Lane a letter of introduction to you—Mrs. Bartley I am told is a fine intelligent woman and I thought you would feel an interest in knowing her. I enclose first of Exchg. on Moses Thomas at 60 days sight for 300\$ favour of H. Brevoort Jr.

LONDON, OCTOBER 16th 1818

London, Oct. 16th 1818.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I have this day drawn on you at ninety days date in favour of Mess. A. & S. Richards for Three Hundred Dollars. It is against a draft which I lately sent you, on Moses Thomas for a like amount at sixty days sight.

I am writing in extreme haste that my letter may go by a parcel which is making up.

Yours affectionately

W. I.

LONDON, MARCH 3^d 1819

London, March 3^d 1819.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I have this moment received your letter of Feb^r 2^d which came most opportunely, as it shewed the impossibility of my relying further on poor Thomas in literary matters, and I was on the point of commencing further operations with him. He is a worthy honest fellow, but apt to entangle himself. Were I a rich man I would give him my writings for nothing—as I am a very poor one, I must take care of myself.

I have just sent to my brother Eben^s MSS: for the first number of a work which if successful I hope to continue occasionally. I had wished him to send it to Thomas for publication; but I now must have it published by some one else. Will you, as you are a literary man and a man of leisure, take it under your care. I wish the copy right secured for me, and the work printed, and then sold to one or more booksellers, who will

LONDON, MARCH 3^d 1819

take the whole impression at a fair discount & give cash or good notes for it. This makes short work of it and is more profitable to the author than selling the copy right. I should like Thomas to have the first offer—as he has been and is a true friend to me & I wish him to have any advantage that may arise from the publication of it.

If the work is printed in N York will you correct the proof sheets, as I fear the MSS: will be obscure & occasionally incorrect, & you are well acquainted with my handwriting.

I feel great diffidence about this re-appearance in literature. I am conscious of my imperfections—and my mind has been for a long time past so preyed upon and agitated by various cares and anxieties, that I fear it has lost much of its cheerfulness and some of its activity.

I have attempted no lofty theme nor sought to look wise and learned, which appears to be very much the fashion among our American

LONDON, MARCH 3^d 1819

writers at present. I have preferred addressing myself to the feeling & fancy of the reader, more than to his judgment. My writings may appear therefore light & trifling in our country of philosophers & politicians—but if they possess merit in the class of literature to which they belong it is all to which I aspire in the work. I seek only to blow a flute of accompaniment in the national concert, and leave others to play the fiddle & French horn.

I shall endeavour to follow this first number by a second as soon as possible, but some time may intervene—for my writing moods are very precarious, and I have been rendered excessively nervous by the kind of life I have led for some time past.

Your request that I should draw on you when in want of money is one of the many gratifying proofs of friendship which I have received from you. Indeed the offer is a most acceptable one; for I have been much annoyed

LONDON, MARCH 3^d 1819

by the idea of running short of funds, and was determined not to ask for any in advance. I can draw on you with confidence, as you will receive the proceeds of my writings, which I hope will more than cover my drafts. The supply of cash will enable me to go over to the continent by & bye, where I wish to visit a few places before I return to America. I may therefore draw on you in the course of a few weeks, for 1000\$—especially if I feel confidence in the prosecution of my work. If I can get my mind into full play, and dash off a set of writings that may do me credit; I shall return home with alacrity, and it will hasten my return—but I cannot bear the thoughts of limping home broken down & spiritless, to be received kindly in remembrance of former services.

I wish you to keep the contents of this letter to yourself; say nothing of my MSS: and dont let any one see it before printed—I dread awakening expectations.

LONDON, MARCH 3^d 1819

Give my most affectionate regards to your wife, whom I love for your sake as well as her own. The misfortune of the Renwicks gave me some dismal feelings—it seemed as if another little region of my happiness was laid waste—and thus piece by piece the whole home scene I had left behind was becoming desolate. Give them my best wishes & remembrances.

I read your statement of the affair with Strong with feelings of indignation and surprise—indignation that so worthless a wretch could have it so much in his power to molest the peace of the worthy—and surprise that you should have suffered it to annoy you to such a degree—or to fancy that your fair, generous & immaculate character needed any statement to vindicate it.

God bless you my dear Brevoort.

Your friend

W. I.

LONDON, MARCH 3^d 1819

P. S. I wish a pretty high price to be put on my work; and that the Booksellers should be brought to indicate terms.

Do not press poor Thomas about the 300\$ if still unpaid—let him have time. I fear I shall be sadly disappointed in the receipt of funds from the edition of the Hist. of N York—I had depended upon it for current expenses; but must now look forward to the future exertions of my pen.

LONDON, APRIL 1st 1819

London, April 1st 1819.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I send a second no. of the Sketch Book. It is not so large as the first but I have not been able to get more matter ready for publication; and indeed I am not particular about the work being regular in any way. The price of this number of course must be less than the first.

I have read your article in the Feby number of the Analectic with great pleasure. I am glad you are occupying your abundant leisure in this way. It will give you an object to excite your mind & give a seasoning to existence—and I think you may both do yourself great credit and American literature service by writing occasionally.

I have been delighted with Verplanck's oration. It does him honor and shows of what he is capable. I hope he will not put our old Dutch burghers into the notion that they must feel affronted with poor Diedrich Knick-

LONDON, APRIL 1st 1819

erbocker just as he is creeping out in the new edition. I could not help laughing at this burst of filial feeling in Verplanck, on the jokes put upon his ancestors, though I honour the feeling and admire the manner in which it is expressed. It met my eyes just as I had finished the little story of Rip Van Winkle and I could not help noticing it in the introduction to that Bagatelle. I hope Verplanck will not think the article was written in defiance of his Vituperation. Remember me heartily to him, and tell him I mean to grow wiser and better and older every day and to lay the castigation he has given me seriously to heart.

Give my best regards to Mrs. Brevoort, and believe me, my dear Brevoort,

Yours affectionately

W. I.

P. S. I hope you have been able to make arrangements with Thomas for the publica-

LONDON, APRIL 1st 1819

tion of my writings. I should greatly prefer its being published by him.

If you can suggest any hints that will be of service to me in the work—any thing that will cheer & excite me, do so I beg of you. Let me know what themes etc. would be popular and striking in America; for I have been so long in England that things cease to strike me here as realities and to wear a commonplace aspect.

LONDON, MAY 13th 1819

London, May 13th 1819.

(Portion of a missing letter from Irving to Brevoort.)

By the ship which brings this, I forward a third number of the Sketch Book; and if you have interested yourself in the fate of the preceding, I will thank you to extend your kindness to this also. I am extremely anxious to hear from you what you think of the first number, and am looking anxiously for the arrival of the next ship from New York. My fate hangs on it, for I am now at the end of my *fortune*.

LONDON, JULY 10th 1819

London, July 10th 1819.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I rec'd a few days since your letter of the 9th June and a day or two afterwards yours of 2^d & 8th May which had been detained in Liverpool. This last gave me your opinion of my first number. I had felt extremely anxious to ascertain it, and your apparent silence had discouraged me.

I am not sorry for the delay that has taken place in the publication as it will give me more time to prepare my next number. Various circumstances have concurred to render me very nervous & subject to fits of depression that incapacitate me for literary exertion. All that I can do at present is in transient gleams of sunshine which are soon overclouded and I have to struggle against continual damps and chills. I hold on patiently to my purpose however in hopes of more genial weather hereafter, when I will be able to exert myself more effectively.

LONDON, JULY 10th 1819

It is a long while since I have heard from my Brother William and I am apt to attribute his silence to dissatisfaction at my not accepting the situation at Washington; a circumstance which I apprehend has disappointed others of my friends. In these matters, however, just weight should be given to a man's taste & inclinations. The value of a situation is only as it contributes to a man's happiness—and I should have been perfectly out of my element and uncomfortable in Washington. The place could merely have supported me, and instead of rising as my friends appear to anticipate, I should have sunk even in my own opinion. My mode of life has unfortunately been such as to render me unfit for almost any useful purpose. I have not the kind of knowledge or the habits that are necessary for business or regular official duty. My acquirements, tastes & habits are just such as to adapt me for the kind of literary exertions I contemplate. It is only in this way I have

LONDON, JULY 10th 1819

any chance of acquiring real reputation, and I am desirous of giving it a fair trial. I have long since been committed in print—& when once launched a man has no alternative—he must either do better or be judged by what he has done. My only regret is that my pecuniary wants have forced me to take the field before I felt myself sufficiently prepared, or my mind in a sufficient state of freedom from other cares, and fullness of literary excitement. Had I been able to save but a pittance from the wrecks of our concerns, so as to keep me above the fear of a positively empty purse, I should have felt more ease of mind and been able the better to have matured my plans. At present my efforts must all be precarious, subject to delays & imperfections.

I feel perfectly satisfied with your arrangements respecting the work, & more than ever indebted to you for these offices of friendship. I have delayed drawing on you until I should

LONDON, JULY 10th 1819

hear further about the work; but shall have to do so soon.

I am sorry that Paulding has undertaken to continue *Salmagundi* without consulting me. He should have done so as I am implicated in the first series.' I think it a very injudicious thing. The work was pardonable as a juvenile production, and has been indulgently received by the public. But it is full of errors, puerilities & impertinences which James should have had more judgment than to guarantee at his mature age. I was in hopes it would gradually have gone down into oblivion; but it is now dragged once more before the public & subject to a more vigorous criticism. I am glad however that James is not writing another large poem as I understood he was. He is too eager to get into print and too impatient of the labour of correction to write large poems though he has poetical thoughts in abundance.

Peter is well & desires to be heartily re-

LONDON, JULY 10th 1819

membered to you. Letters have been written home in his behalf for the situation of Consul at Marseilles—vacant by the death of the late occupant. I hope our friends & connexions will push the matter promptly & effectually—if they cannot do this for him they can do nothing.

Give my sincere regards to Mrs. Brevoort & speak a good word for me now & then to your little boy whom I hope some day or other to have for a playmate.

Remember me to the rest of your domestic circle and believe me as ever

Affectionately yours

W. I.

LONDON, JULY 28th 1819

London, July 28th 1819.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

As usual I have but a few moments left to scribble a line before the opportunity departs by which I write. I have seen a copy of the first number of the Sketch Book, which was sent out to a gentleman of my acquaintance. I cannot but express how much more than ever I feel myself indebted to you for the manner in which you have attended to my concerns. The work is got up in a beautiful style; I should scarcely have ventured to have made so elegant an *entrée* had it been left to myself, for I had lost confidence in my writings. I have not discovered an error in the printing, and indeed have felt delighted at my genteel appearance in print. I would observe that the work appears to be a little too *highly* pointed. I don't know whether my manuscript was so, or whether it is the scrupulous precision of the printer —high pointing is apt to injure the fluency

LONDON, JULY 28th 1819

of the style if the reader attends to all the stops.

I am quite pleased that the work has experienced delay, as it gives me time to get up materials to keep the series going. I have been rather *aflat* for a considerable time past, and able to do nothing with my pen & was fearful of a great *hiatus* in the early part of my work which would have been a disadvantage. My spirits have revived recently and I trust, if I receive favourable accounts of the work's taking in America that I shall be able to go on with more animation.

I had intended to dispatch a number by this ship. It is all written out, & stitched up—but as I find you will not stand in immediate need of it, I will keep it by me for a few days as there is some trivial finishing necessary. You may calculate upon receiving it, however, by one of the first ships that sail after this.

I do not wish any given time to elapse between the numbers—but that they should

LONDON, JULY 28th 1819

appear irregularly—indeed the precariousness & inequality of my own fits of composition will prevent that.

Should the first number come to a second edition I have noticed two trivial errors in Grammar, which I would have corrected—there are doubtless other inaccuracies—but these only have caught my eye in hastily running over the number.

Page IV of the prospectus line *third*—for—“those high honours *that are*” read—“those high honours *which are*”

Page 45. line 8 for—“and true love *will not brook reserve*” read—“and true love *never brooks reserve.*”

I would wish an alteration also in a passage which is rather strongly expressed, viz: Page 21. Line 6. for. “*I question whether Columbus*” &c—“*No one that has not felt them can conceive the delicious sensations, &c.*”

I look anxiously for your letter by the packet,

LONDON, JULY 28th 1819

which must come to hand in a few days—and trust at the same time to hear something of the reception of my work—until then I shall continue a little nervous.

Give my sincere regards to Mrs. Brevoort, and do let me hear more about your domestic establishment. I am continually picturing you to myself in your character of a husband & father.

Remember me also to your worthy parents and to the Renwick circle and believe me my dear Brevoort in all moods & fortunes most affectionately yours

W. I.

LONDON, AUGUST 2^d 1819

London, Aug. 2^d 1819.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I forward Sketch Book No. 4 to my Brother E. Irving. I find in the printed copy of No. 1 three or four inaccuracies in language in addition to those already pointed out, but I have not the number by me to correct them. These errors will take place whenever an author has not the advantage of correcting the proofs where he sees his sentiments fairly printed and brought out in a final compass under his eye. I wish you would keep an eye to see that grammatical inaccuracies do not occur. I often alter my sentiments after they are written out, which is apt to make these errors.

I send the present number with reluctance for it has grown exceeding stale with me, part of it laid out by me during a time that I was out of spirits and could not complete.

I am in great haste, and am as ever

Affectionately yours

W. I.

LONDON, AUGUST 12th 1819

London, Aug. 12th 1819.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I have rec^d your letter of July 9th, which has given me infinite gratification; but I have not time to reply to it as I could wish. I wrote to you lately expressing how much I was delighted by the manner in which you got up my work: the favourable reception it has met with is extremely encouraging, and repays me for much doubt & anxiety. I am glad to hear from you and my brother Eben^s, that you think my second number better than the first. The manner in which you have spoken of several of the articles is also very serviceable; it lets me know where I make a right hit and will serve to govern future exertions.

I regret that you did not send me at least half a dozen copies of the work, I am sadly tantalized having but barely the single copy—I have not made any determination about re-publishing in this country, and shall ask advice, if I can meet with any one here who can give

LONDON, AUGUST 12th 1819

it me: but my literary acquaintance is very limited at present. I wish you would enquire & let me know how the History of New York sells, as Thomas is rather negligent in giving me information about it. Let him have his own time in settling for it, as I believe the poor fellow is straightened in these hard times.

You observe that the public complains of the price of my work—this is the disadvantage of coming in competition with republished English works for which the Booksellers have not to pay any thing to the authors. If the American public wish to have literature of their own they must consent to pay for the support of authors. A work of the same size & get up in the former way as my first number would sell for *more* in England and the cost of printing &c would be *less*. The Booksellers have required a large discount from you, such as is allowed on all heavy stock books. Periodical works in this country, only allow 25 per cent and popular works that promise ready

LONDON, AUGUST 12th 1819

sale only 20 per ct. When I published the first edition of Knickerbocker I only allowed Bradford & Inskeep 20 pr. ct. and they take all the risk of the works not selling. I am, however, perfectly satisfied with the allowance you have made if it induces the Booksellers to be attentive to the work.—I only mention this to show that the terms on which you have published the work are fair & reasonable as literature goes. For my part if I can succeed in writing so as deservedly to please the public and gain the good will of my countrymen it is all I care about—I only want money enough to enable me to keep on my own way and follow my own taste and inclination—and as my habits are not expensive, a very little money will enable me to do that.

I drew on you lately in favour of Mr. Sam Williams at 30 days sight for 1000\$. Gen. Boyd bought the draft and I have the money.

I have sent a few days since my 4th number. I forgot to obliterate a sentence in an article

LONDON, AUGUST 12th 1819

headed John Bull. It is as follows—"He is like the man who would not have a wart taken off of his nose because it had always been there, &c. &c." As I do not like the simile & question whether it is a good & pleasant one you had better run a pen through it and let the paragraph end with the words "*family abuses.*"

I have mentioned several errata in the first number which were caused by negligence or alterations—I have since seen two or three others but I cannot at this moment point them out. Should another edition be published I will thank you to look over it narrowly.

Page 80. line 4. for "The dogs too—not one of which he recognized for *his* old *acquaintances*"—read "not one of which he recognized for *an* old *acquaintance*—"

Page 29. "No garden of thought *or* elysium of fancy"—read *nor* elysium &c

30. "not on the exclusive devotion of time & wealth *or* the quickening &c"—read—*nor* the quickening &c

LONDON, AUGUST 12th 1819

41 line fifteen. "they are monarchs" read—they are *the* monarchs—perhaps the whole sentence would be better by making it in the singular—viz: "*I have observed that a married man falling into misfortunes is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single man.*"

But I will not plague you with these petty troubles. These are all such corrections as an author makes when he has proof-sheets to look over—and for want of that final revision I must expect to appear ungrammatical & awkward occasionally. I feel very much obliged by Verplanck's notice of my work in the Analectic—and very much encouraged to find it meets with his approbation. I know no one's taste to whom I would more thoroughly defer.

You suppose me to be on the continent, but I shall not go for some time yet—and you may presume on letters &c finding me in England.

I have looked through James P's first number of *Salmagundi* & am pleased with

LONDON, AUGUST 12th 1819

some parts of it—but cannot but regret he had not suffered the old work to die a natural death. He is not necessitated to publish for bread & should now take time to produce something finished and correct to the best of his ability—on which he might safely rest his reputation. He will only write himself below his real value by hasty effusions.

I must conclude for my letter is called for. Accept my dear Brevoort a thousand and a thousand thanks for all your kindnesses—I will not apologize to you for all the trouble I give you for there is something delightful to me in the idea that my writings are coming out under your eye and that you in a manner stand God father to all my children. I feel as if it were a new tie that binds us together.

Give my most affectionate regards to your wife,

And believe me ever

Yours

W. I.

LONDON, AUGUST 15th 1819

London, Aug. 15th 1819.

DEAR BREVOORT:—

In great haste I enclose you an essay which I have just scribbled and which I wish inserted in the fourth number in place of one of the articles as I am afraid the number has too great a predominance of the humourous. You may insert it in place of John Bull and keep that article for the fifth number. I have not had time to give this article a proper finishing, and wish you to look sharp that there are not blunders and tautologies in it. It has been scribbled off hastily and part of it actually in a churchyard on a recent ramble into the country. The part beginning at Page 21 must commence at a separate page with a line above it such as I have marked to shew that it is a kind of note or codicil; though if you think best you may omit the codicil altogether.

Should this essay come too late for the fourth number, keep it by you for the fifth.

LONDON, AUGUST 15th 1819

Do not show any of my MSS: but let every-
thing appear in print unanticipated. In great
haste,

Yours affectionately

W. I.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 9th 1819

London, Sept. 9th 1819.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I have rec'd this morning a parcel from Liverpool containing two parcels from you—one of four of the first number, and the other, five of the 2d number of the Sketch Book—with your letter pr Courier. The second number is got up still more beautifully than the first—I cannot express to you how much I am delighted with the very tasteful manner in which it is executed. You may tell Mr. Van Winkle that it does him great credit and has been much admired here as a specimen of American typography—and among the admirers is Murray, the “prince of Booksellers,” so famous for his elegant publications. Indeed the manner in which you have managed the whole matter gives me infinite gratification. You have put my writings into circulation, and arranged the pecuniary concerns in such a way as to save future trouble and petty chafferings about accounts, and to give the

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 9th 1819

whole an independent and gentleman like air. I would rather sacrifice fifty per cent than have to keep accounts, and dun book-sellers for payment.

The manner in which the work has been received and the eulogiums that have been passed upon it in the American papers and periodical works have completely overwhelmed me. They go far, *far* beyond my most sanguine expectations and indeed are expressed with such peculiar warmth and kindness as to affect me in the tenderest manner. The receipt of your letter and the reading of some of these criticisms this morning have rendered me nervous for the whole day. I feel almost appalled by such success, and fearful that it cannot be real—or that it is not fully merited, or that I shall not set up to the expectations that may be formed. We are whimsically constituted beings. I had got out of conceit of all that I had written, and considered it very questionable stuff—and now that it is so

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 9th 1819

extravagantly bepraised I begin to feel afraid that I shall not do as well again. However we shall see as we get on—as yet I am extremely irregular & precarious in my fits of composition. The least thing puts me out of the vein, and even applause flurries me and prevents my writing, though of course it will ultimately be a stimulus. I have done very little for some time past. The warm weather is against me, and I have been anxious and a little restless in mind—I shall endeavour to dispatch the fifth number soon.

By the bye—I break off in the middle of my letter lest I should again forget a matter on which I have intended to speak for these two years. You once sent me a MSS: copy of my article about Philip of Pokanoket—copied by Miss Goodrich, and I have been ungallant enough never to acknowledge so very marked a kindness. It has perpetually slipped my memory when I have been writing and has now in an unaccountable way popped into my

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 9th 1819

brain. Will you make her my very best acknowledgements—and apologize for the tardiness with which they are made—and at the same time present her with a copy of the Sketch Book & continue to send her the numbers, as the only return a poor devil of an author can make. I feel the more obliged to Miss Goodrich for the trouble she took as I had no claim on the score of acquaintanceship to such an act of civility.

I have been somewhat touched by the manner in which my writings have been noticed in the Evening Post. I had considered Coleman as cherishing an ill will towards me, and to tell the truth have not always been the most courteous in my opinions concerning him. It is a painful thing either to dislike others or to fancy they dislike us, and I have felt both pleasure and self reproach at finding myself so mistaken with respect to Mr. Coleman. I like to out with a good feeling as soon

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 9th 1819

as it rises, and so I have dropt Coleman a line on the subject.

I hope you will not attribute all this sensibility to the kind reception I have met with to an author's vanity—I am sure it proceeds from very different sources. Vanity could not bring the tears into my eyes as they have been brought by the kindness of my countrymen. I have felt cast down, blighted and broken spirited and these sudden rays of sunshine agitate even more than they revive me.

I hope—I hope I may yet do something more worthy of the approbation lavished on me.

I unexpectedly a day or two since met with William Renwick—I did not immediately recognize him he has grown so much and looks so manly. He resembles James very much in countenance. He was sent from Paris & was to set off for Edinburgh the next morning—via Liverpool. I had a couple of

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 9th 1819

hours conversation with him and was highly pleased with him—he seems to have spent his time in Europe to advantage.

Give my best regards to your wife and remember me heartily to the little circle of our peculiar intimacy. I am my dear Brevoort

Yours affectionately

W. I.

P. S. In looking over this letter I find it is all about myself—but I have no time to add any more & write about any thing else.

LONDON, MARCH 27th 1820

London, March 27th 1820.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

As I hear you have once more got back to New York I cannot let the packet depart without addressing you a line, though to write at this moment is to tear ideas up by the roots. I wish to heaven when you determined to unsettle yourself for a season and to venture on the salt seas, you had made England a visit instead of Charlestown. The trouble would have been about the same, and you might have shown Mrs. B. the wonders of London. I have just returned from a visit to Van Warts. I had not seen the family for more than a year and a half, during which time I had been leading a solitary life in London. I passed about ten days with them, and it was a wretched struggle to part with them again; it almost unmanned me, and I have scarcely been myself since. Their children have grown finely; and their youngest, who was born since my residence in London, is called after

LONDON, MARCH 27th 1820

me, which perhaps is the reason I think him a remarkably fine little fellow.

I lately sent E. I. a copy of the London Edition of the Sketch Book which I presume he will show you. I found some delay and difficulty in making arrangements with any popular Bookseller, so I threw it into the hands of Little Miller to be published on my own account, and let it take its chance. In spite of the disadvantages of such a mode of publication it is getting on, and is well spoken of by such of the reviews as have noticed it. There is a strong article in its favour in Blackwood's Magazine, which is by Mr. Lockhart, the author of Peter's letters to his Kinsfolk. He is shortly to be married to Walter Scott's oldest daughter—and by a letter which I lately recd. from Scott I find the article was written at his instigation. So much for an author's egotism! Any other but yourself would think I was writing from vanity. I wish I did possess more of it, but it seems my

LONDON, MARCH 27th 1820

curse, at present, to have anything but confidence in myself or pleasure in anything I have written.

Leslie's picture of "Master Slender and Anne Page," and "Sir Roger de Coverly going to Church," are getting engraved. I will put down your name for proof copies, as I am sure you will like to have them.

I had a delightful letter from James Paulding lately, dated from Washington; it brought so many recollections of early times and scenes and companions and pursuits to my memory, that my heart was filled to overflowing. What I would give to live over a few of the happy hours we have passed together! I am happy to find from Paulding's letter that he is pleasantly situated at Washington, and comfortable in his circumstances. There seems to be a pitiful and illiberal spirit indulged towards him by the writers in our reviews and newspapers. What is the state of our literature that it can afford to treat with slight

LONDON, MARCH 27th 1820

and contumely such a writer as Paulding—there is no one that has ever portrayed American scenery and characters with greater truth and beauty. It is an ungenerous and unkind thing to put him and me in contrast, as some have done, and to praise me at his expense. It is excessively painful to me, and unjust to him. I neither deserve, nor desire distinction of that kind and those that make it, do not understand our distinct and comparative merit.

But I find I am scribbling again about myself—I am in a miserable mood for letter writing and will write you more fully when in a writing humour. Give my sincerest regards to Mrs. Brevoort, and to our little knot of intimates and believe me as ever

Affectionately yours

W. I.

LONDON, MAY 13th 1820

London, May 13 1820.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I send this letter by my friend Delafield, whom I presume, you know; if not, you ought to know him, for he is a right worthy fellow. He has in charge a portrait of me, painted by Newton, the nephew of Mr. Stuart. It is considered an excellent likeness, and I am willing that it should be thought so—though between ourselves, I think myself a much better-looking fellow on canvas than in the looking-glass. I beg you to accept it as a testimony of my affection; and my deep sense of your true brotherly kindness towards me on all occasions. Do not let the likeness be seen much until it is framed. I ask this on Newton's account, who is a young artist and anxious that his works should appear to advantage, and paintings without frames have an unfinished appearance. Newton is an elegant young man and an artist of great promise. He is already noted for his fine

LONDON, MAY 13th 1820

eye for colouring, and his extraordinary tact and facility of pencil.

I recd yesterday your letter of the beginning of April to which I will reply more at length by another opportunity. The Sketch Book is doing very well here. It has been checked for a time by the failure of Miller; but Murray has taken it in hand, and it will now have a fair chance. I shall put a complete edition to press next week, in two volumes; and at the same time print a separate edition of the second volume, to match the editions of the first already published. I have recd very flattering compliments from several of the literati, and find my circle of acquaintance extending faster than I could wish. Murray's drawing-room is now a frequent resort of mine, where I have been introduced to several interesting characters, and have been most courteously received by Gifford. Old D'Israeli is a staunch friend of mine also; and I have met with some very interesting people

LONDON, MAY 13th 1820

at his house. This evening I go to the Countess of Besborough's, where there is to be quite a collection of characters, among whom I shall see Lord Wellington, whom I have never yet had the good luck to meet with.—Do apples swim!

Scott, or rather Sir Walter Scott, passed some time in town when he came up to get his Baronetcy. I saw him repeatedly and was treated by him with all the hearty cordiality of an old friend. I believe the interest he took in the Sketch Book and his good word for it have been of great service to it. He inquired particularly after you. He is still the same right true honest, hearty, unaffected, unassuming boy as when you knew him. Popularity has no effect on his sound head and worthy heart. He has given me repeated invitations to come down to Scotland and pass some time with him. Sophy Scott is by this time married to Lockhart.

I shall not send any more manuscript to

LONDON, MAY 13th 1820

America, until I put it to press here, as the second volume might be delayed, and the number come out here from America. The manner in which the work has been received here, instead of giving me spirit to write, has rather daunted me for the time. I feel uneasy about the second volume, and cannot write any fresh matter for it.

I was at the Anniversary Dinner of the Royal Institution a few days since, where to my surprise I met with Brandsam—you recollect him as the *companion de voyage* of Dan Reidy on the Canada tour about sixteen years since. We renewed our acquaintance and he left his card for me this morning.

Campbell is residing in town for the present, as he is lecturing at the Royal Institution. He leaves London in three or four weeks for Tuscany where he means to pass a year.

A new poem is coming out by Lord Byron called the Prophecy of Dante—I presume it is a ghost one. He sent likewise the third &

LONDON, MAY 13th 1820

fourth cantos of Don Juan which Murray has returned to him and begged him to reconsider & revise them. The third canto I am told is miserable in every way. The fourth possesses much beauty.

The death of our gallant friend Decatur is indeed a heavy blow. I regret extremely that the correspondence is published. It is an ill judged thing and not calculated to raise the character of either of the parties. I feel deeply for poor Mrs. Decatur, whose situation must be wretched in the extreme.

I must conclude this scrawl as Miss Delafield has entered the drawing room where I am scribbling it. Remember me to Mrs. Brevoort and to the rest of our friends, and believe me, most affectionately

Yours

W. I.

LONDON, AUGUST 15th 1820

London, August 15th 1820.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I wrote to you not very long since and I sent sometime since by Delafield a portrait which I trust you have received before this.

I am now in all the hurry and bustle of breaking up my encampment, and moving off for the continent. After remaining so long in one place it is painful to cast loose again and turn oneself adrift; but I do not wish to remain long enough in any place in Europe to make it a home.

Since I have published with Murray, I have had continual opportunities of seeing something of the literary world, and have formed some very agreeable acquaintances. You know Murray's drawing-room is a complete rendezvous of men of talent; where you meet with the first characters of the day; and it has been for some time past an almost daily resort of mine.

LONDON, AUGUST 15th 1820

There have been some literary coteries set on foot lately, by some Blue Stockings of fashion, at which I have been much amused. Lady Caroline Lamb is a great promoter of them. You may have read some of her writings, particularly her *Glenarvon*, in which she has woven many anecdotes of fashionable life and fashionable characters; and hinted at particulars of her own story and that of Lord Byron. She is a strange being, a compound of contradictions, with much to admire, much to stare at, and much to condemn. Among the most pleasant acquaintances I have met at Murray's is a young man by the name of Mitchell, who has recently published a translation of Aristophanes and writes those very clear and very amusing articles in the *Quarterly Review* on the manners of the Athenians, the Greek cookery &c. He is an excellent scholar, and possesses withal a very genuine vein of delicate humour, that gives a freedom and sportiveness to his writ-

LONDON, AUGUST 15th 1820

ings, not frequently found among scholastic men.

I have been very much pleased also with Belzoni, the traveller, who is just bringing out a personal narrative of his researches, illustrated with very extraordinary plates. There is the interior of a temple, excavated in a hill, which he discovered & opened; which had the effect on me of an Arabian tale. There are rows of gigantic statues, thirty feet high, cut out of the calcareous rock, in perfect preservation. I have been as much delighted in conversing with him, & getting from him an account of his adventures & feelings, as was ever one of Sindbad's auditors. Belzoni is about six feet four or five inches high; of a large frame, but a small, and, I think, a very fine head; and a countenance which, at times, is very expressive & intelligent.

I have likewise been very much pleased with a young man by the name of Cohen, who writes for the *Quarterly Review*—par-

LONDON, AUGUST 15th 1820

ticularly those articles on the Superstitions & Mythology of the Middle Ages, on which subject, by the bye, he has undertaken to write a quarto work. He is remarkable for the extent & diversity of his knowledge, and particularly for being informed on all kinds of odd & out of the way subjects.

I have also frequently met with Mr. Hallam, whose able & interesting work on the Middle Ages you have no doubt seen, and most probably have in your library. Like all other men of real talent and unquestionable merit, he is affable & unpretending. He is a copious talker, and you are sure when he is present to have conversation briskly kept up.—But it is useless merely to mention names in this manner; and is too much like entertaining one with a description of a banquet, by merely naming the dishes. One thing I have found invariably, that the greater the merit, the less has been the pretension; and that there is no being so modest,

LONDON, AUGUST 15th 1820

natural, unaffected, and unassuming as a first-rate genius.

I lately received a few lines from Henry Cary by Mr. Wallack the Actor. It gave me the greatest pleasure to recognize his handwriting, and to receive this proof of recollection. I had received some account of him a short time before from Col. Perkins, whose daughter I find is married to a brother of Cary's. I am rejoiced to find that Cary is prospering in the world. No man better deserves prosperity, and none I am sure will make a better use of it. I wish you would remember me to him heartily—I should write to him; but I have several to write to; and to tell the honest truth I find it hard work to bring myself to the task of letter writing.

I am delighted to hear that our worthy Patroon is doing well with his foundry. God bless & prosper him, and make him as rich and as happy as he deserves to be. I believe I told you in my last of a long letter, which I

LONDON, AUGUST 15th 1820

received from James Paulding—it was a most gratifying one to me; and it gave me a picture of quiet prosperity and domestic enjoyment, which it is delightful for a wandering, unsettled being like myself to contemplate. Oh my dear Brevoort, how my heart warms towards you all, when I get talking and thinking of past times and past scenes. What would I not give for a few days among the Highlands of the Hudson, with the little knot that was once assembled there! But I shall return home and find all changed, and shall be made sensible how much I have changed myself. It is this idea which continually comes across my mind, when I think of home, and I am continually picturing to myself the dreary state of a poor devil like myself, who, after wandering about the world among strangers returns to find himself a still greater stranger in his native place.

He feels like one that treads alone
Your Banquet Hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.

LONDON, AUGUST 15th 1820

When you write to me next direct to the care of Beasley our Consul at Havre who will forward the letter to me wherever I may be. And now my dear fellow I must take my leave, for it is midnight, and I am wearied with packing trunks and making other preparations for my departure. The next you will hear from me will be from France; and after passing five years in England among genuine John Bulls, it will be like entering into a New World to cross the Channel.

Remember me particularly to Mrs. Brevoort, and to our intimate friends and believe me most truly & affectionately

Yours

W. I.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 22^d 1820

Paris, Sept. 22^d 1820.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

Peter and myself have taken a part in an enterprize for navigating the Seine by Steam. It will require a little capital on our part, and Peter will enter actively into the concern. I shall put into it 5000\$ which I apprehend is all that I am worth in the world. I shall take no further share; nor suffer my mind to be occupied by it; as I wish to turn my attention entirely to literature. I have engaged thus far, chiefly for the purpose of promoting Peter's views. The project will require an advance of pecuniary assistance from our friends in N York—I have just drawn on William Irving for 2000\$ and have written to him at some length on the subject. I must refer you to my letter to him & letters from Peter to him & John I. for further explanations, as I am at this moment pressed for time & very much indisposed with a head ache. The purport of this letter is that you will use your exertions

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 22^d 1820

to prevent my brothers from disappointing us in this business. I do not doubt their good will; but they are apt to hang fire; and delay would completely frustrate the whole enterprise as far as we are concerned; as there are men of capital here extremely desirous of entering into the scheme. If my brothers are unable to furnish the money required in time I wish you would assist them as far as your convenience will permit—at any rate do not let them delay, & postpone, & demur until the time is gone by.

Peter has now been living on hopes, and very feeble ones, for two or three years; it is pretty evident they are not likely to strike out any thing for him in America; and now that he has struck out something for himself it behooves them to back him like two brothers. But it is needless for me to multiply words to you on this subject—I know you will do all that is right and friendly in the business.

I wish you would write to me by the way of

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 22^d 1820

Havre, care of R. G. Beasley, American Consul at Havre—it is a long time since I have heard from you.

I have been about a month in Paris, but having been a little restless in mind I have not enjoyed it as much as I should otherwise have done—I shall write to you again when more composed and in better mood.

Remember me with great regard to Mrs. Brevoort & believe me my dear Brevoort

Most affectionately yours

W. I.

PARIS, MARCH 10th 1821

Paris, March 10th 1821.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I have this moment heard of a vessel which sails from Havre tomorrow afternoon, and have hardly time to scrawl a line, to be sent off immediately with a letter Peter is sending by the Estafetti.

I received your letter of Nov. 24th, and also letters from my Brothers on the same subject—viz. their declining to honour my drafts. I have no doubt they were influenced by the best motives, wishing to throw impediments in the way of my entering into what they considered an injudicious enterprize; but I had already committed myself; the drafts were for an interest actually purchased in the concern, and the dishonouring the drafts only prevents my fulfilling my engagements punctually, and obliges me to do it by hook & by crook, and at some loss. I have however written to them on the subject. I was actuated merely by a wish to see Peter

PARIS, MARCH 10th 1821

embarked in something that might turn out advantageous and as he seems fully persuaded that the steamboat project will do so I will leave the whole share that I have taken in it to him. I have not turned my mind much to the subject, but have left him to investigate and manage it. I hope it may open the way to something profitable for him.

You must not take amiss any little peevishness on the part of my Brothers: they have been so much worried and disheartened by the troubles of the world for some years past, that any new perplexity may fret them—you know them well, and know how worthy they are in head & mind, and how truly they esteem you; excuse therefore any little impatience they may evince in my affairs; which I am afraid give them a great deal of anxiety and trouble from the very affection which they bear me.

You urge me to return to New York—and say many ask whether I mean to renounce my

PARIS, MARCH 10th 1821

country? For this last question I have no reply to make—and yet I will make a reply—as far as my precarious and imperfect abilities enable me, I am endeavouring to serve my country. Whatever I have written has been written with the feelings and published as the writing of an American. Is that renouncing my country? How else am I to serve my country—by coming home and begging an office of it; which I should not have the kind of talent or the business habits requisite to fill?—If I can do any good in this world it is with my pen.—I feel that even with that I can do very little, but if I do that little, and do it as an American I think my exertions ought to guarantee me from so unkind a question as that which you say is generally made.

As to coming home—I should at this moment be abandoning my literary plans, such as they are. I should lose my labour on various literary materials which I have in

PARIS, MARCH 10th 1821

hand, and to work up which I must be among the scenes where they were conceived. I should arrive at home at a time when my slender finances require an immediate exercise of my talents, but should be so agitated & discomposed in my feelings, by the meetings with my friends—the revival of many distressing circumstances & trains of thought—and I should be so hurried by the mere attentions of society that months would elapse before I could take pen in hand & then I would have to strike out some entirely new plan & begin *ab ovo*. As to the idea you hold out of being provided for *sooner or later* in our *fortunate* city—I can only say that I see no way in which I could be provided for, not being a man of business, a man of Science, or in fact any thing but a mere *belles lettres* writer. And as to the fortunate character of our city—to me and mine it has been a very disastrous one. I have written on this point at some length as I wish to have done with it. My

PARIS, MARCH 10th 1821

return home must depend upon circumstances, not upon inclinations. I have, by patient & persevering labour of my most uncertain pen, & by catching the gleams of sunshine in my cloudy mind, managed to open to myself an avenue to some degree of profit & reputation. I value it the more highly because it is entirely independent and self created; and I must use my best endeavours to turn it to account. In remaining therefore abroad, I do it with the idea that I can best exert my talents, for the present, where I am, and that, I trust, will be admitted as a sufficient reply, from a man who has but his talents to feed & clothe him.

I have not been able to call on L'Herbette—the fact is, I am harassed by company & engagements which it is impossible to avoid & which take up more of my time than I like to spare; as well as dissipating my thoughts. I shall be obliged to quit Paris on that very account though I intend to see L'Herbette

PARIS, MARCH 10th 1821

before I leave there. I have become very intimate with Anacreon Moore, who is living here with his family—scarce a day passes without our seeing each other and he has made me acquainted with many of his friends here. He is a charming joyous fellow—full of frank, generous, manly feeling. I am happy to say he expresses himself in the fullest and strongest manner on the subject of his writings on America; which he pronounces the great sin of his early life. He is busy upon the life of Sheridan, & upon a poem. His acquaintance is one of the most gratifying things I have met with for some time; as he takes the warm interest of an old friend in me & my concerns.

Canning is likewise here with his family and has been very polite in his attentions to me. He has expressed a very flattering opinion of my writings both here and in England; and his opinion is of great weight & value in the critical world. I had a very agreeable dinner at his house a few days since, at which I met

PARIS, MARCH 10th 1821

Moore, Sir Sydney Smith & several other interesting characters.

You mention Jack Nicholson being appointed to the Franklin 74. I presume it is as Flag Captain. Does he still wear that queer cockade like a star fish in front of his hat! How I should delight to see the honest round little rogue again, and shake his little bare hand.

I have neglected to get the music you request, and am ashamed of myself for so doing, but I will get it & send it by the first opportunity.

My letter is called for & I must conclude—remember me sincerely to Mrs. Brevoort & to the rest of your family connexions & believe me my dear Brevoort

Ever affectionately yours

W. I.

P. S. I understand that you have completely withdrawn from business. Why don't you

PARIS, MARCH 10th 1821

undertake some work—an historical work—a tract of Am: history—something to occupy your time & mind & keep off ennui? You ought to make yourself an active member of all the public institutions of our city—situated as you are, with your abilities & advantages it is your duty—and it would be a source of reputation and enjoyment to you. I have repeatedly intended to write to you at some length on this subject,—you are indolent & diffident & would find the first outset difficult—but many steps would lessen the difficulty until it became mere pleasure.

PARIS, APRIL 5th 1821

Paris, April 5th 1821.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I am extremely sorry to be again under the necessity of tasking your friendship in money matters. I have drawn on you this day at sixty days sight, in favour of Ezra Weeks Esq.—for one thousand dollars. It is to provide for one of the bills which my brothers dishonoured & which must come back in a few days. It would be useless to draw on my Brothers again, as they do not seem to consider it a matter of any moment or delicacy to refuse my draft; you I am confident will think otherwise. They have acted as they thought for my interest, & were no doubt persuaded that by refusing my drafts they would prevent my engaging in what they thought an injudicious enterprise. They should have known that it was too late—that I was committed—and that to refuse my drafts was to oblige me to take them up as well as I could, in a strange country, and to pay damages into the

PARIS, APRIL 5th 1821

bargain. But enough of this—had I had any other means of extricating myself from an irksome predicament I would not have again intruded on your kindness. I have tried to manage the matter in other modes & have only met with disappointment and mortification. I determined therefore to draw again on you, who, I say it in fullness and sincerity of heart, have always acted like a true Brother to me.

I have written by the Cadmus—via Havre, to my brother E. I. to replace in your hands the amount of this draft: he having ample means of mine in his hands for the purpose.

At a moment of more leisure and pleasanter feelings I will reply to your very interesting letter of Jan^y 8th. At present I am out of tune. These money matters always play the mischief with me.

Give my sincere regards to Mrs. Brevoort & believe me

Most affectionately yours

W. IRVING.

PARIS, APRIL 5th 1821

Paris, April 5th 1821.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

It is with great regret that I am compelled by circumstances again to task your friendship in money matters. I have this day drawn on you at Sixty days sight, in favour of Mr. Ezra Weeks for one thousand dollars. It is to meet the return of one of my drafts which my Brothers dishonoured. To draw on them would be idle, notwithstanding that they might have funds of mine in their hands—they have shewn that they will not hesitate to refuse my drafts, whatever may be the situation in which their refusal may place me in a strange country. I am confident they do it out of a zeal for my interest; but a man may be killed even by kindness. You I feel confident regard matters of this kind in another light than that of mere interest, and know how much a man's feelings & delicacy are involved in his engagements. I know therefore that in drawing on you my bills

PARIS, APRIL 5th 1821

will be properly honoured and that you will feel a punctilio scruple in protecting my credit. I shall write to my brothers to refund you the amount of the draft in due time.

I should not, as you must be well convinced, have drawn this draft were I not fully satisfied that you would not be kept out of the money. I hope and trust that I shall in a little time be able to drag myself out of these detestable pecuniary difficulties and these eternal cross purposes in money matters, which I have been troubled with for some years past & which play the very vengeance with me. It has been my doom to contend incessantly with chills & damps which destroy all the sunshine of my mind; I can scarce get my imagination in train and feel it warming up & expanding, but some cursed worldly care or sordid mercenary entanglement comes creeping on me and wraps me all in fog. Had my mind been free and my feelings unharassed by petty cross purposes, I think I should have

PARIS, APRIL 5th 1821

done a great deal more & a great deal better than I have done—and should at this moment been free of all pecuniary difficulties. However—it is not to be helped—every man has his difficulties & cares with which he must contend.

I have rec^d your letter of Jan^z 8th to which I will reply at more leisure—it is full of interesting matter. I must conclude this letter that it may be sent off to be in time for the Ship.

Remember me very sincerely to Mrs. Brevoort and believe me my Dear Brevoort with constant recollections

Affectionately yours

WASHINGTON IRVING.

NOTE: *This letter is, of course, very similar to the preceding letter, and both were written on the same day. It was in those times not infrequently the custom to send by different ships such duplicate missives; nor is this the only such*

PARIS, APRIL 5th 1821

instance in Irving's correspondence with Brevoort. The other examples have been omitted; but the variation in language in this pair of letters would seem interestingly to justify the inclusion of both.—THE EDITOR.

PARIS, APRIL 14th 1821

Paris, April 14th 1821.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I wrote you a hasty line a few days since advising you of a draft which I had drawn on you on the 5th inst. for one thousand dollars, to provide for my first bill on William Irving, returned. I shall have to draw on you again in a few days for a like sum of 1000\$ to pay my second bill on W. Irving which I expect back presently. In the advice of my draft of the 5th inst. I mentioned that I should write to E. I. to refund you the amount in due time. I did write to that effect—but I think I must now request you to remain in advance to me for some little time, for reasons which will be explained to you in the course of this letter. The simple state of the case is this.

The amount for which I engaged last year in the Steamboat concern was 5000\$. Of this I paid one thousand doll^o for money due me in London, for the remaining I gave four bills on W. I. for 1000\$ each—three of which

PARIS, APRIL 14th 1821

were forwarded; the fourth remains in Mr. Beasley's hands. Of the three which were forwarded, one has already come back dis-honoured—to meet this I drew on you on the 5th, another is shortly expected; to meet that I shall have to draw on you in a few days—the third bill went out by the Syren and is payable in May. I trust that will be taken up by E. I. as he wrote in December last that he would be in the receipt of 1000\$ in May from former sales of my works. There then remains one thousand dollars to be remitted to R. G. Beasley to make up the amount of my engagement. I trust E. I. will be able to furnish a part of that from other sales which he may have made since December. I wish you to make up any deficiency there may be, and remit the same to R. G. Beasley. You will then be in advance to me the amount of two Bills on you for 1000\$ each, and such part of another 1000\$ as E. I. may not be able to furnish. I trust I have made myself clearly

PARIS, APRIL 14th 1821

understood—I wish you to see that the 4000\$ is fully made up—I shall not draw on you any further than the two bills of 1000\$ each, trusting that my third draft dated last year on Wm. Irving, will be honoured at maturity—or that at any rate you will take care that whatever may be deficient is remitted.

I am asking this favour, my dear fellow, in very plain and direct terms, but in fact I depend on you to disembarass me from these paltry difficulties which are teasing and perplexing me and doing me more than their pecuniary amount in positive injury. I ask this pecuniary assistance from you with confidence *first* because you have repeatedly given me the most gratifying tests of your readiness to befriend me in this way,—and *secondly* because I am certain you will not incur the loss of a farthing by it. The *first* reason is due to you & the generous affectionate interest you have ever taken in my concerns—

PARIS, APRIL 14th 1821

the *second* is due to myself for if I did not feel the certainty of being able to reimburse I must come to bread & water & sleep on a board before I would ask pecuniary favours from anyone.

I have said that it is likely you may be some little time in advance of such part of the 4000\$ as you may furnish; as literary property is not immediately available. I do not however depend solely on the proceeds of the property in my brother's hands to reimburse you. I have a mass of writings by me, which, so soon as I can bring them into form and prepare them for publication, will I trust produce me something very handsome in *cash down* in England; besides augmenting my copy right property in America. I do not speak thus from any conceit of the writings themselves, but from a mere knowledge of *literary trade*. The success of the Sketch Book in England has been far beyond my most sanguine expectations & any book I

PARIS, APRIL 14th 1821

should now offer for sale, *good or bad*, would be sure to find a ready purchaser at a high price among the Booksellers. As I am anxious however to get reputation rather than money, I do not wish to hurry into print & it will take me some time yet to arrange and complete the writings I have in hand. I do not wish this circumstance to be mentioned to any one—as I never like to have anticipations of my literary appearances; I merely tell it to you; to show you the grounds on which I feel justified in asking your pecuniary aid. I trust my next work will fairly relieve me from all further embarrassment of the kind—and I shall thenceforth be able to keep ahead of my resources.

I am particular in wishing *you* to make these advances because my brother Peter has renewed his request to John T. Irving for a loan; and I do not wish his request to be interfered with; by any necessity for J. T. I. or any other of my connexions to advance

PARIS, APRIL 14th 1821

money on my account. Peter is more anxious than ever to secure an interest in the Steam-boat concern, & I am very solicitous that he should have every facility. A situation in the concern is open to him by which he will be able with strict economy to clear his support, independent of the profits that may arise from his share in the property, and there is every prospect of the business being lucrative. To give plain demonstration that this is not merely chimerical I enclose you a statement of the receipt, & expenditures of the Steamboat since its establishment as a passage boat between Havre & Honfleur. It has had every possible disadvantage to contend with; having to establish its character; overcome the prejudices of the public, contend with long established packetboats; to run at high wages & expenses which it took some time to systematize & reduce,—& the whole experiment has been made during the winter months and the early part of an

PARIS, APRIL 14th 1821

uncommonly inclement & stormy spring, during which season there is comparatively but little travelling. In spite of all these things it has to my great surprise made money—for it was calculated that there would certainly be a pecuniary loss, & the only gain would be experience & an established reputation. The fine season is now commencing when the travelling is very great; and at times (from the frequency of fairs on both sides of the Seine) immense. It is a matter of course therefore that the profits must increase in proportion. A new boat, adapted to the navigation of the river is also about to run between Havre & Rouen, through a country full of population & studded with popular little towns. I think the anticipations of profit from such a navigation are perfectly reasonable.

Peter has given the whole concern the most scrupulous examination and is convinced that it holds out a prospect of advan-

PARIS, APRIL 14th 1821

tage and ultimate independence to him; which it would be difficult to find at present in any other quarter. I trust my Brothers will not rashly a second time decide from their presumptions in opposition to his investigations and shrink back from rendering such temporary aid as may place him in a path to comfortable & creditable independence for the rest of his days. I do not question for a moment their disposition to do every thing to promote both our interests; I should feel outraged by such a suggestion; but they have grown morbid & timid in money matters, from past misfortunes & they are apt to hesitate & doubt, and talk together & do nothing: and by doing nothing, play the very vengeance with those who rely on their active assistance. You hinted in one of your former letters about being hurt by some observations of my Brothers, in the course of your conversations with them on the subject of my affairs. I am at a loss to think what cause they could

PARIS, APRIL 14th 1821

find for any captious observation, in the kind & affectionate zeal you have manifested in my poor & paltry concerns. I should be loth to subject you to any thing further of the kind; but bear with them my dear Brevoort for my sake; and be assured they are only actuated by brotherly anxiety for my interests; which unluckily they have a little marred by their very anxiety.—So much for these “weary” money matters.

I have now been about eight months in Paris, living an odd sort of life—shut up in my room a great part of my time and seeing scarcely any thing of French society—circumstances having thrown me almost entirely among the Americans & the English. In fact the anxiety I have to do something more in literature, the petty involvements of myself & friends, and the wish to put an end to them also, have so agitated & perplexed my mind, that I have neither been able to enjoy society fully, nor to profit by leisure & abstraction.

PARIS, APRIL 14th 1821

I have advances made me by society, that were I a mere seeker of society, would be invaluable; but I dread so much being put out in my pursuits & distracted by the mere hurry of fashionable engagements, that I keep aloof, and neglect opportunities which I may perhaps at some future day look back to with regret. When I have launched another work and a successful one, I trust I shall feel more completely at ease both in mind & circumstances. One of my greatest sources of gratification here is the intimacy of Moore, the poet, whom I see almost every day, and who is one of the worthiest and most delightful fellows I have ever known.

Mr. Astor has been passing the winter here with his son and daughter. The former is in very bad health, and seems in a state of mental stupor. His situation causes great anxiety & distress to his father & sister; and there appears but little prospect of his recovery. Miss Astor is quite a clever, agreeable

PARIS, APRIL 14th 1821

girl. I have been quite gratified by meeting again with Mr. Astor's nephew George Ehninger whom I had not seen for several years. He has given me a world of anecdote about New York, and particularly about yourself. He will be in New York again almost as soon as this letter.

You have given me much interesting information in your last; which unluckily I cannot lay my hand on—to reply to. I am heartily glad that James Renwick is snugly nestled in the old College, which is a safe harbour of life: and a very comfortable & honourable one. The other appointments contemplated will be of great service to the College & to the literary character of the state. Verplanck is just where he should be & I hope he will cut politicks and devote himself to his pen, which will make a greater man of him than the highest political preferment to which he could fight & scramble.

I am delighted with the North American

PARIS, APRIL 14th 1821

Review: it is the best work of the kind we have ever had, and will be an interesting work to Europeans; as it is divested of national hostilities & political prejudices.

Your account of Kean's success is very interesting and I was amazed with the odd assemblage at John R's festival; Kean is a strange compound of merits & defects—his excellence consists in sudden & brilliant touches—in vivid exhibitions of passion & emotion. I do not think him a *discriminating* actor; or critical either at understanding or delineating *character*—but he produces effects which no other actor does. He has completely bothered the multitude; and is praised without being understood. I have seen him guilty of the grossest & coarsest pieces of false acting, and most "tyrannically clapped" withal; while some of his most exquisite touches passed unnoticed.

I must bring this letter to a close, that it may be in time. Give my sincere regards to

PARIS, APRIL 14th 1821

Mrs. Brevoort, and my hearty remembrances to your father & mother and the rest of your family connexion, and believe me my dear Brevoort,

Ever yours affectionately

W. IRVING.

P.S. I am uncertain about my continuance in Paris, and not having fixed exactly on my summer residence I wish you to direct to me after the receipt of this, care of Henry Van Wart Esq. Birmingham.

PARIS, APRIL 21st 1821

Paris, April 21st 1821.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I wrote to you lately at considerable length, explaining my reasons for drawing on you for one thousand Dollars on the 5th inst. and telling you that I should draw for a like sum in a few days. I have this day drawn a second bill of Exchange on you for 1000\$—it is in favour of Sam^l Williams Esq. of London, and is at thirty days sight. I had intended to have drawn at *sixty* days; but had neglected to specify that date in a letter which I wrote to Charles Williams requesting to know whether their house would cash a draft for 1000\$ on you: and in reply he gave me permission to draw on them & sent me a form of a draft on you; supposing I did not know the exact sum. It was at thirty days sight—so I thought best to sign the form they sent me; and I hope the shortness of the time will not put you to inconvenience.

I shall not draw on you any more. I trust

PARIS, APRIL 21st 1821

the third draft which I drew on my Brothers last year will be taken up by my brother E. I. as he will have cash of mine to more than the amount in his hands, when it comes to maturity. I have however explained myself fully on these points in a former letter. I trust I shall not have to trouble you any more in this way; and I should not now have done so but I did not know how else to extricate myself from a pecuniary entanglement, which has occasioned me loss of time, loss of money & loss of spirits.

Peter has set off this morning for Havre to attend to the Steamboat concern. He seems very confident of its becoming a lucrative enterprise & he is by no means a sanguine man at present. I hope to God it may: and that he may be enabled once more to get his head above water.

I have mentioned in my former letter that I wished you to remain in advance of the two thousand dollars; and if necessary to assist

PARIS, APRIL 21st 1821

my brother E. I. in making up a remittance of a thousand dollars, to be sent to Mr. Beasley to take up a fourth bill which he did not send for collection last year. I do not want my brothers to advance money on account of my engagement in the concern, lest it should prevent their complying with Peter's request, lately renewed, that they would make him a loan. I expect the proceeds from my literary property in E. I. hands will soon be sufficient to reimburse you—but if not, I have some MSS. which as soon as I can prepare for publication will put me in cash from their sale in London, to make up whatever may be deficient. It may take me sometime however to complete & to arrange what I am about, my writing moods are so irregular & uncertain & I am so liable to be put out by circumstances. I do not wish it to be known that I have any thing positively in preparation, as I do not like to awaken any expectations.

I shall write to you shortly—a good sociable

PARIS, APRIL 21st 1821

hearty letter; without any of these cursed
money matters in it which always wither me,
soul & body, when I have to meddle with
them. Remember me sincerely to Mrs.
Brevoort, & believe me

Yours ever affectionately

W. I.

PARIS, MAY 15th 1821

Paris, May 15th 1821.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I send you a parcel of music for the Harp, which I hope may please Mrs. Brevoort. It was selected by a French lady who plays admirably on that instrument. She says the music &c is simple, and good, and by some of the best composers.

I wrote a long letter to you a short time since, and have not at this moment any thing very particular to add, especially as I have to dispatch this letter in a few moments by Mr. Ehninger who is on his way to Havre. I am looking impatiently for the arrival of Wm. Gracie, who will be able to give me a world of news about my friends in New York. I see that the Etiphenia has arrived at Antwerp and Gracie must be by this time in Paris. I hope the dispatches he brings to Mr. Gallatin will be such as to produce a satisfactory arrangement between the two countries.

Mr. Ehninger is waiting for my letters and

PARIS, MAY 15th 1821

I have yet to write one to Peter who is at
Havre.

Give my best regards to Mrs. Brevoort and
believe me

Yours affectionately
WASHINGTON IRVING.

LONDON, JUNE 11th 1822

London, June 11th 1822.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

It is a long time since I have heard from you. Your visits to Charleston seem always to interrupt our correspondence. For my part, between ill health; hard scribbling to make up for lost time and get another work into the press; and the many engagements and interruptions that consume my time and distract my mind since my return to England, I find it impossible to keep up punctual correspondences, & am now overwhelmed with epistolary debts. About three weeks since I launched a new work which you have doubtless seen long since in America. The English edition has many alterations & additions, as I got into better health & spirits after I sent my MSS. to America, and was enabled to improve the work while printing. It seems to give satisfaction here, and I am nearly killed with kindness, for I have not a moment to myself and am so fatigued with company and

LONDON, JUNE 11th 1822

dinners & evening parties, that I find it impossible to regain a perfect state of health but am still troubled with lameness & inflammation in the ankles, the lingering of my tedious malady. I shall however, soon leave this scene of bustle & dissipation & go to a watering place on the continent (Aix la Chapelle) where I hope thoroughly to reinstate my health. Within these two months past I have given myself up to society more than I have at any time since I have been in Europe, having for the last four or five years been very much shut up & at home. I was determined this spring to give myself a holiday & make use of the opportunity presented me of seeing fashionable life. I have done this to a considerable degree, though I have suffered much draw back on account of the indifferent state of my health.

The success of my writings has given me ready access to all kinds of society—and I have been the round of routs, dinners, operas,

LONDON, JUNE 11th 1822

balls & blue stocking coteries. I have been much pleased with those parties in which rank & fashion and talent are blended: and where you find the most distinguished people of the day in various departments of literature, art & science brought into familiar communion with leading statesmen and ancient nobility. By the bye I had many inquiries made after you by Sir James Mackintosh, who retains a most friendly recollection of you.

John Randolph is here and has attracted much attention. He has been sought after by people of the first distinction. I have met him repeatedly in company and his excentricity of appearance & manners makes him the more current and interesting. For in high life here, they are always eager after everything strange and peculiar. There is a vast deal too of the old school in Randolph's manners, the turn of his thoughts and the style of his conversation which seems to please very much. Young Hammond was also much liked here and I

LONDON, JUNE 11th 1822

only regretted that he did not stay a little longer. He is one of the best bred young men that I have met with from our country, and one who I think will be distinguished in the society of New York for good manners & good sense. There seems a strong disposition to be pleased with any thing American just now, among the better classes in England; and a great curiosity awakened respecting our literature &c. Among other interesting acquaintances that I have made is Mrs. Siddons. She is now near seventy and yet a magnificent looking woman. It is surprising how little time has been able to impair the dignity of her carriage or the noble expression of her countenance. I heard her read the part of Constance at her own house one evening; and I think it the greatest dramatic treat I have had for a long time past.

I shall leave this letter open, that I may add some thing more before I send it off. I have many to write to and must portion the brief

LONDON, JUNE 11th 1822

time I have, among several letters. I have written to my brother E. I. to settle the balance I am owing to you; though the debt of gratitude & affection that I owe you for all your kindness & friendship I can never repay; and indeed I feel a gratification in being in this respect your debtor. I hope you will keep a friendly eye upon my brother E. I. who, poor fellow, has again to toil his way up hill in life, with a family to weigh him down. Do him all the kind offices in your power & believe me I shall ever feel them more sensibly than if they were done to myself. I shall leave London in two or three weeks for the continent & so soon as I have reinstated my health I shall make a hasty tour, that I have been contemplating for several years past. When that is accomplished, I shall have one grand obstacle removed to my return home; and will endeavour to arrange my concerns so as once more to see my native land which is daily becoming dearer & dearer to my imagination,

LONDON, JUNE 11th 1822

as the lapse of time gives it all the charms of distance.

June 30th. I had thought to have been off to the continent before this; but yet here I am. However I am resolved to go in the course of a week. I have made so many very interesting and agreeable acquaintances of late that I find it hard to get away from them. Indeed I have got on sociable terms with most of the men of letters & the leading artists of the day, that are in London and am continually meeting with curious & entertaining characters. A few days since I was made acquainted with old Lady Jones, widow of Sir William Jones. I had no idea of her being yet alive. She is lively & cheerful & in full possession of her faculties & animal spirits. She is the daughter of the Bishop of S'Asaph who voted against the American War. She remembers Dr. Franklin who was a friend of her father's; and relates two or three anecdotes of him.

LONDON, JUNE 11th 1822

She has always been a very strong friend of America.

I lately passed a few days at the Country seat of Mr. Thomas Hope, author of *Anastasius*. You have read his work I presume; which I think one of the most extraordinary productions of the day. He is an extremely interesting man, somewhat shy and reserved to strangers but full of knowledge & talent and most amiable in his manners, when you become acquainted with him. He has written a vast deal, that he has never published; and is now busy upon Metaphysical work. He has voluminous travels in manuscript, and is a masterly draughtsman. It is a thousand pities that he cannot be persuaded to publish more. His travels must be full of interesting incidents and observations.

Rogers the poet returned not long since from the continent and I breakfast occasionally with him & met Crabbe and others of his literary friends. He has one of the

LONDON, JUNE 11th 1822

completest and most elegant little Bachelor establishments that I have ever seen. It is as neat and elegant, and finished, and small as his own principal poem.

July 1st. I have scrawled this letter at intervals ; for I have many to write to, & am so distracted by engagements and occupied by making preparations to go to the continent, that I have hardly a moment of leisure time or quiet thought. Matthews the comedian is coming out to make a tour in America, which I have no doubt will be a successful one. His powers of entertainment are wonderful. By his talents at imitation he, in manner, raises the dead and makes them walk & talk for your amusement; for his specimens of Zali Wilkinson, Macklin, Wilkes &c &c are among the best of his imitations. He is a very correct, gentlemanlike man in private life and at times the life of a dinner table by his specimens of characters of the day. I

LONDON, JUNE 11th 1822

shall give him letters to America & among others to yourself.

I have written a letter to that honest tar Jack Nicholson & am ashamed that I have not done so before—but really I have no time to write often, and find myself more and more getting into habits of procrastination.

I wish you would make interest, through James Renwick to get the College to employ John Miller, Bookseller, Fleet Street, as a literary agent in London. He is a most deserving & meritorious little man— indefatigable in the discharge of any commission entrusted to him: and moderate & conscientious in his charges. He devotes himself almost exclusively to American business. I would strongly recommend him to yourself should you at any time want books from London. He could hunt up any rare works; and I believe you would save money by employing him.

Give my sincere regards to Mrs. Brevoort

LONDON, JUNE 11th 1822

and remember me affectionately to the Renwicks and to your father's family.

I am dear Brevoort

Ever most truly yours

WASHINGTON IRVING.

PARIS, DECEMBER 11th 1824

Paris, Rue Richelieu, No. 89

Dec. 11th 1824.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I have suffered an enormous time to elapse without writing to you; but I cannot help it. I seem no longer master of myself and my leisure. I have been toiling lately to make up arrears in letter writing but it seems as if the debt grows as fast as I strive to diminish it.

Lynch has given me many particulars about you—but seems in doubt whether or no you intend putting in effect your projected visit to Europe. I have been flattering myself with the hope that I was to see you here next Spring—have you abandoned the intention? It needs but one resolute effort to heave the anchor and set sail. When once under way you would find no difficulty; and when here you might live according to your taste & convenience and at a cheaper rate than in New York, besides having superior advantages in educating your children.

PARIS, DECEMBER 11th 1824

Lynch seems quite in raptures with the wonders that are breaking upon him. He is just the man to visit a capital like Paris: having had his tastes previously instructed and prepared to relish the delicacies placed before him. I cannot tell you what pleasure I have received from long chats with Lynch about old times & old associates. His animated and descriptive manner has put all New York before me and made me long to be once more there. I do not know whether it be the force of early impressions & associations, or whether it be really well founded, but there is a charm about that little spot of earth, that beautiful city and its environs, that has a perfect spell over my imagination. The bay; the rivers & their wild & woody shores; the haunts of my boyhood, both on land and water, absolutely have a witchery over my mind. I thank God for my having been born in so beautiful a place among such beautiful scenery. I am convinced I owe a

PARIS, DECEMBER 11th 1824

vast deal of what is good and pleasant in my nature to the circumstance.

I feel continually indebted to your kindness for the interest you have taken in my affairs and in the success of my works in America. I begin to feel extremely anxious to secure a little income from my literary property; that shall put me beyond the danger of recurring penury; and shall render me independent of the necessity of laboring for the press. I should like to write occasionally for my amusement, and to have the power of throwing my writings either into my portfolio, or into the fire. I enjoy the first conception and first sketchings drawn of my ideas; but the correcting and preparing them for the press is unknown labour, and publishing is detestable.

My last work has a good run in England, and has been extremely well spoken of by some of the worthies of literature, though it has met with some handling from the press. The fact is I have kept myself so aloof from all

PARIS, DECEMBER 11th 1824

clan ship in literature, that I have no allies among the scribblers for the periodical press; and some of them have taken a pique against me for having treated them a little cavalierly in my writings. However, as I do not read criticisms good or bad, I am out of the reach of attack. If my writings are worth any thing they will out live temporary criticism; if not they are not worth caring about. Some parts of my last work were written rather hastily. Yet I am convinced that a great part of it was written in a freer and happier vein than almost any of my former writings. There was more of an artist like touch about it—though this is not a thing to be appreciated by the many. I fancy much of what I value myself upon in writing, escapes the observation of the great mass of my readers: who are intent more upon the story than the way in which it is told. For my part I consider a story merely as a frame on which to stretch my materials. It is the play

PARIS, DECEMBER 11th 1824

of thought, and sentiment and language; the weaving in of characters, lightly yet expressively delineated; the familiar and faithful exhibition of scenes in common life; and the half concealed vein of humour that is often playing through the whole—these are among what I aim at, and upon which I felicitate myself in proportion as I think I succeed. I have preferred adopting a mode of sketches & short tales rather than long works, because I chose to take a line of writing peculiar to myself; rather than fall into the manner or school of any other writer: and there is a constant activity of thought and a nicety of execution required in writings of the kind, more than the world appears to imagine. It is comparatively easy to swell a story to any size when you have once the scheme & the characters in your mind; the mere interest of the story too carries the reader on through pages & pages of careless writing and the author may often be dull for half a volume

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at a time, if he has some striking scene at the end of it, but in these shorter writings every page must have its merit. The author must be continually piquant—woe to him if he makes an awkward sentence or writes a stupid page: the critics are sure to pounce upon it. Yet if he succeed: the very variety & piquancy of his writings; nay their very brevity; makes them frequently recurred to—and when the mere interest of the story is exhausted, he begins to get credit for his touches of pathos or humour; his points of wit or turns of language. I give these as some of the reasons that have induced me to keep on thus far in the way I had opened for myself—because I find by recent letters from E. I. that you are joining in the oft repeated advice that I should write a novel. I believe the works I have written will be oftener re-read than any novel of the size that I could have written. It is true other writers have crowded into the same branch of literature, and I now begin to find

PARIS, DECEMBER 11th 1824

myself elbowed by men who have followed my footsteps; but at any rate I have had the merit of adopting a line for myself instead of following others.

Dec. 21. This letter has been lying by me for several days, & I have been so much occupied by other matters, as to be unable to finish it. I must now make an end of it abruptly & send it off or I shall be too late for the packet. When I left America, I left among your books a copy of Bayle's Dictionary, Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy & two or three other books of the kind—if they are still by you I wish you would give them in my name to Pierre Irving, my brother Ebenezer's eldest son, as I find he has something of a literary taste & I fancy cannot afford to purchase books—they may be very acceptable to him.

Do write to me soon & let me know if there is a chance of your coming out here in the Spring. I should regulate my own plans accordingly.

PARIS, DECEMBER 11th 1824

Give my sincere regards to your wife, your
good old parents and the rest of your con-
nexions and believe me dear Brevoort,

Yours ever affectionately

W. I.

PARIS, MAY 29th 1825

Paris, May 29th 1825.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I have great pleasure in introducing to you my friend Mr. Edward St. Aubyn, who is about to make a tour of curiosity in our country. He is a young English gentleman of family, and one whose amiable character & manners will be sufficient to secure him a kind reception from our countrymen. I beg you will do everything in your power to render his visit to America satisfactory & agreeable. He is accompanied in his tour by Mr. Hallam, whom I have not the pleasure to know, but for whom I would likewise bespeak a hospitable reception. He is a gentleman of birth, culture & education. I am happy to find travellers of this kind turning their attention to our country.

Yours ever

WASHINGTON IRVING.

PARIS, MAY 30th 1825

Paris, May 30th 1825.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

By the same packet which brings this letter will arrive two English gentlemen to whom I have given letters of introduction to you & others of my friends—one of them is Mr. Edward St. Aubyn, a very amiable young man of one of the most ancient respectable, & wealthy families of Cornwall. His father Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart. is one of the very few that are left of the classical old English gentlemen of Addison's day. He is at present at Paris with his family and I only regret that I did not know him at an earlier date for he is a perfect study, a model of the primitive courteous old gentlemen—full of worth and of the most amiable manners. The young gentleman I have introduced to you is his youngest son.

The other gentleman is a Mr. Hallam, whom I have not the pleasure to know but of whom I hear the most favourable character.

PARIS, MAY 30th 1825

He is a fellow of Oxford, well educated of course, well bred, of good family and has lately come into a large fortune. I wish you would introduce these gentlemen to such of our towns folk as would be likely to render their stay agreeable and procure them letters for other parts of the Union.

I have long been looking for a letter from you—why don't you write to me? I had hoped before this to have seen you in France but you have not replied to my letter enquiring when you thought of coming. Lynch has been here through the Winter & Spring and has gone to Rheims to the Coronation. I had a ticket for the Cathedral at Rheims, but as I have lost all interest in Spectacles of the kind I gave it to Richard Kemble. Lynch has been in paradise as to music and at the same time has made arrangements in business which I expect will make his future.

I write this letter at the last moment, just to back the letter of introduction which I have

PARIS, MAY 30th 1825

been writing: when I have more leisure I will write you a letter of friendly chat, without waiting for your reply to my former one, though I regret we have still to be talking across the Atlantic instead of being cosily *toe to toe* in Paris.

Do let me hear from you, even if it is but a dozen lines. Tell me what you are doing—what you are planning—whether you really intend coming to Europe or remaining entirely in America—only write & do not let me feel from your long silence as if you had forgotten me.

Give my sincere remembrances to your father and mother and tell Mrs. Brevoort that though we have never met I still hold her as a near friend.

I am my dear Brevoort

Ever affectionately yours

WASHINGTON IRVING.

MADRID, APRIL 4th 1827

Madrid, April 4th 1827.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

Your letter of the 1 January was one of the most acceptable that I ever received and I can hardly regret that what I owned in my letter to my Brother should have wounded your feelings since it drew forth so explicit and satisfactory an expression of what those feelings were towards me. You must however excuse the strength of my language if it was really so harsh as you described it. Had I felt less friendship for you I should have expressed myself more smoothly but I spoke from feelings deeply grieved by your apparent neglect. The letter you sent to me to the care of Mr. Welles never reached me, and for upwards of two years I had no reply to the letters and messages which I sent you. I was unconscious of having given you any cause of offence, yet could not tell how otherwise to account for such absolute and apparently determined silence. Various circumstances

MADRID, APRIL 4th 1827

had contributed to render my mind morbid and susceptible on this point; and I must confess that for a time I gave too much consequence to the attacks I had seen upon myself in the press and to anonymous letters which I received from some malevolent person seeking to persuade me that I was in a manner cast off by my countrymen. I am conscious that my long absence from home has subjected me to unfavourable representation, and has been used to my disadvantage. A man, however, must have firmness enough to pursue his plans when justified by his own conscience, without being diverted from them by the idle surmises and misconceptions of others. If my character and conduct are worth enquiring into they will ultimately be understood and appreciated according to their merits nor can any thing I could say or do in contradiction place them an iota above or below their real standard. With the world, therefore, let these matters take their

MADRID, APRIL 4th 1827

course; I shall not court it nor rail at it; but with cherished friends like yourself my dear Brevoort the present feeling is all important to me. Do not let yourself be persuaded therefore that time or distance has estranged me in thought or feeling from my native country, my native places, or the friends of my youth. The fact is that the longer I remain from home the greater charm it has in my eyes and all the colouring that the imagination once gave to distant Europe now gathers about the scenes of my native country. I look forward to my return as to the only event of any desirable kind that may yet be in store for me. I do not know whether it is the case with other wanderers, but with me, the various shifting scenes through which I passed in Europe, have pushed each other out of place successively and faded away from my mind, while the scenes & friends of my youth alone remain fixed in my memory and my affections with their original

MADRID, APRIL 4th 1827

strength and freshness. Had circumstances gone with me as I at one time anticipated, I should before this have returned home but I have been disappointed, and delayed and disheartened. I have suffered my pen for a time to lie idle, distrusting both myself and the world. About eighteen months since I was aroused from a state of morbid apathy by the failure of Mr. Williams and the apprehension that I should be involved in the distresses of the times. I again took up my pen, though with a reluctant hand, but the exercise of it gradually brought me in a more healthful tone of spirits. Since my arrival in Spain (almost about fifteen months since) I have principally been employed on my Life of Columbus, in executing which I have studied and laboured with a patience and assiduity for which I shall never get the credit. I am now advancing towards the completion of my work. How it will please the public I cannot anticipate. I have lost confidence in the

MADRID, APRIL 4th 1827

favourable disposition of my countrymen and look forward to cold scrutiny & stern criticism, and this is a line of writing in which I have not hitherto ascertained my own powers. Could I afford it, I should like to write and lay my writings aside when finished. There is an independent delight in study and in the creative exercise of the pen; we live in a world of dreams, but publication lets in the noisy rabble of the world and there is an end to our dreaming. I wish you were here to assist me with your opinion as to my labours for I am full of diffidence. My brother Peter who looks over my Manuscript is too partial a judge; he approves of things which I find it necessary afterwards completely to correct and alter.

Since my arrival in Spain I have been completely immersed in old Spanish literature. My residence under the roof of Mr. Rich the American Consul has been particularly favourable to my pursuits; he is a diligent

MADRID, APRIL 4th 1827

collector of rare works and has the most valuable works in print and manuscript of the Spanish writers. I do not know whether you have made yourself acquainted with the Spanish. It is a language you might soon acquire. I wish you would let me pick up a little collection of the best Spanish authors for you. A few hundred dollars would give you a choice collection. Two or three hundred would put you in possession of a tolerable one. Should you afterwards repent your bargain I would be glad, when in America, and with more money in my pocket than at present, to take it off your hands.

I left Paris a considerable time before the arrival of Mr. Cooper and regret extremely that I missed him. I have a great desire to make his acquaintance for I am delighted with his novels; at least with those which I have read. His Mohegans which I am told is his best I have yet to read. His naval scenes and characters in the Pilot are admirable.

MADRID, APRIL 4th 1827

I am fond of the sea and have seen a little of nautical life and am therefore more able to appreciate them. I have been charmed likewise with what I have seen of the writings of Bryant and Halleck. Are you acquainted with them? I should like to know something about them personally—their vein of thinking is quite above that of ordinary men and ordinary poets and they are masters of the magic of poetical language.

I have not heard for some time past from Paulding. His last letters were full of kind feeling and interesting anecdotes. I am glad to find that he is settled in the old homestead of the Kemble family; that scene of so many happy hours. As to his retired mode of life I fancy it is the happiest when a man has a family for his world, books at his elbow, and his pen as an amusement. I have not seen two or three of his late publications. All of those that I have met with bear his usual stamp of originality, his vein of curious and

MADRID, APRIL 4th 1827

beautiful thoughts, his turns of picturesque language, mingled with the faults that arise from hasty and negligent composition. Early habit and associations have given a charm to his writings in my eyes. I always find in them passages that strike on some chord of old remembrances.

I have not heard from Jack Nicholson for nearly a year past. I hope to meet with that worthy and classical little tar when I visit the Mediterranean west of Spain.

I was surprised last year to meet with a nephew, my brother William's son Pierre, travelling in Spain. He remained here but a short time. What I saw of him pleased me very much. By letters from him I find he will shortly return to America. I wish you would make yourself acquainted with him; and benefit him by your counsel occasionally in his pursuits and movements. He has been admitted to the practice of the law and appears to me to have excellent talents. I wish him

MADRID, APRIL 4th 1827

to sit down resolutely & perseveringly to the profession; or whatever line of life he adopts to pursue it steadily, without changing or looking behind him. I had hoped at one time to have been of service in helping forward these rising connexions; but adverse circumstances have defeated these as well as other plans; and I have nothing to console me but the recollection of good intentions which I have never been able to carry into effect.

My Brother Peter desires to be most affectionately remembered to you. His constitution has been much broken within two years past, by an illness with which he was suddenly attacked at Paris; since which time his health is delicate and frequently subject to temporary ailments. I think, however, since we have been in Spain he has greatly recovered, though it is not likely he will ever again be as vigorous as he has been.

Give my sincere regards to your wife, and my hearty remembrances to your father and

MADRID, APRIL 4th 1827

mother and the whole family of the Renwicks. I rejoice in the various indications I perceive of the high standing of the professor. I hope yet to drink a cup of kindness with you all to the memory of Auld Lang Syne—in the mean time believe me my dear Brevoort truly and affectionately

Your friend

W. I.

P.S. I have written much of this letter in an open and garrulous vein about my private feelings—I trust you will receive it with indulgence and shew it to no one. I never had any reserve with you and I write to you as I used to talk, without caring to disguise any error or weakness.

MADRID, FEBRUARY 23^d 1828

(Excerpt from a letter, the manuscript of which is missing.)

Madrid, February 23^d 1828.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I have received two letters from you, the last dated December 19, and both full of the most interesting domestic intelligence. I feel under the greatest obligation to you for the kind interest you have taken in my History of Columbus. I find by the London papers it was to be published by Murray on the 11th instant. . . . If the work succeeds, it will be of immense service to me; if it fails it will be, most probably, what many have anticipated, who suppose, from my having dealt so much in fiction, it must be impossible for me to tell truth with plausibility.

I am sorry to find by your letters that you have had your share of the rubs and cares of the times; I had hoped you were safe in port and out of the reach of storms and disasters; but so it is; we are none of us completely

MADRID, FEBRUARY 23^d 1828

sheltered from misfortune. If we do not put to sea, the sea overflows its bounds and drowns us on the land. For my own part, with all my exertions, I seem always to keep about up to my chin in troubled water, while the world, I suppose, thinks I am sailing smoothly with wind and tide in my favour.

SEVILLE, DECEMBER 20th 1828

Seville, Dec. 20th 1828.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

Time steals away in spite of me without my being able to write to you. The manuscripts I have lately sent out to my brother must show you that I am busily occupied, and when I tell you that I have to make almost entire copies to send to England, and that I have a mass of other manuscripts in memoranda, rough drafts and half finished work, you will not be surprised that I find, when I take up the pen to write by an opportunity that presents, both head and hand so weary that it is difficult to accomplish a letter.

I thank you for your continual acts of friendship in counselling and aiding my brother in my literary concerns. Columbus has succeeded beyond my expectations, and I am gratified by the success it has had in America. I have never seen the article that appeared in Walsh's Review, and in which you so kindly assisted. Here I see nothing of what is

SEVILLE, DECEMBER 20th 1828

published in any part of the world, for books are almost interdicted in Spain. I have just sent to my brother an abridgement of Columbus, to be published immediately, as I find some paltry fellow is pirating an abridgement. Thus every line of life is subject to depredation. "There be land rats and water rats, land pirates and water pirates—I mean thieves" as old Shylock says. I feel vexed at this shabby attempt to purloin this work from me, it having really cost me more toil and trouble than all my other productions and being one that I trusted would keep me current with my countrymen; but we are making rapid advances in literature in America, and have already attained many of the literary vices and diseases of the old countries of Europe. We swarm with reviewers, though we have scarce original works sufficient for them to alight and prey upon, and we closely imitate all the worst tricks of the trade and of the craft in England. Our literature, before long,

SEVILLE, DECEMBER 20th 1828

will be like some of those premature and aspiring whipsters, who become old men before they are young ones, and fancy they prove their manhood by their profligacy and their diseases.

I am lingering here in Andalusia, waiting until the publication in England of the work on the Conquest of Granada, and occupying myself with researches in the old Cathedral library and the archives of the Indias. All the summer months have been passed by me in the country, first in a cottage about two miles from Seville and afterwards at a small country house near Port S'Mary. I had a very amiable and interesting companion in a young English gentleman, a Mr. Hall, who was travelling for his health, having broken a blood vessel. We lived like hermits, but very pleasantly. He was intelligent, well bred and accomplished. His malady confined him almost entirely in the house. Some times he rode out a little and I accompanied

SEVILLE, DECEMBER 20th 1828

him either on horseback or afoot—but the most of our time was passed at home, I writing, he learning and studying Persian and Arabic. I left him at Port S'Mary's and came up here to provide a retreat for him for the winter but in the interval he died. Riding out one day his horse became restive and reared and fell with him. The shock brought on an access of his complaint and hurried him off in the course of a couple of days. I cannot tell you my dear Brevoort how mournful an event this has been to me. It is a long while since I have lived in such domestic intimacy with anyone but my brother. I first met with this young gentleman at the house in Seville where I am now boarding and was insensibly interested in his precarious situation, and won by the amiableness and correctness of his manners. I could not have tho't that a mere stranger in so short a space of time could have taken such a hold upon my feelings.

SEVILLE, DECEMBER 20th 1828

Do let me hear from you and give me a little news of my old friends. It is a long time since I have heard from Paulding. He owes me a letter, but I do not stand upon points of the kind. I have intended repeatedly to write to him, but when I have the disposition I have not the time and when I have the time I have not the disposition, for there are moods in which I find it impossible to scrawl the merest line of an epistle.

What has become of Jack Nicholson? I presume I have been remiss in my correspondence with him since he no longer favours me with any of his epistles, though no man could value them more. What is Gouv Kemble doing—and Harry Ogden? How does Mrs. Renwick wear with the times, does she still keep up a cheerful countenance and a good heart? How does the worthy Professor, who is daily accumulating academic honors? In a word, let me hear a little of the little world of our ancient intimacy; if it is not quite worn

SEVILLE, DECEMBER 20th 1828

out and thrown aside by you. I fear I shall find it difficult on my return to tack a new course of intimacies and friendships to the tail of the old one. Such an interval has taken place that the two ends will hardly join together.

I am interrupted and must conclude. Give my kindest regards to your wife, my sincere remembrance to your worthy parents and my good will to all others who care for me, and believe me, my dear Brevoort,

Ever your faithful and affectionate friend

WASHINGTON IRVING.

ALHAMBRA, MAY 23^d 1829

Alhambra, May 23^d 1829.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I have this morning received your most welcome letter of the 30th March which you forwarded to my brother Peter. You see I am still lingering in Spain, and I declare to you I feel so much interested by this noble country and noble people, that though I have from time to time made resolutions and preparations to leave them, I have as often postponed my departure. By the date of my letter you will perceive I am *royally* quartered. I came to Granada about three weeks since to pass a little time here during the finest season of the year, in company with a young Russian Prince, the Secretary of the Russian Legation; and the Governor of the Alhambra, finding us poorly lodged in the town, gave us permission to take up our residence in a corner of the old Moorish palace which had been assigned to him for his quarters, but which he had not taken possession of. Here

ALHAMBRA, MAY 23^d 1829

then I am, nestled in one of the most remarkable, romantic and delicious spots in the world. I have the complete range and I may say control of the whole palace, for the only residents beside myself are a worthy old woman, her niece and nephew, who have charge of the building, and who make my bed, cook my meals, and are all kindness and devotion to me. I breakfast in the saloon of the ambassadors, or among the flowers and fountains in the Court of the Lions, and when I am not occupied with my pen, I lounge with my book about these oriental apartments or stroll about the courts and gardens and arcades, by day or night with no one to interrupt me. It absolutely appears to me like a dream; or as if I am spell bound in some fairy palace.

The very evening of my removal to the Alhambra my nephew Edgar Irving, midshipman of the navy, made his sudden appearance here to my great gratification. He will

ALHAMBRA, MAY 23^d 1829

probably reach New York much about the same time with this letter, and will be able to give you some account of me. He remained with me about four days, and then I started him off to make a little tour through the mountains and to Cordova, Seville & Cadiz, and to embark for home at Gibraltar. I cannot tell you how gratifying it was for me to meet with one of *my own flesh and blood* after so long a separation. Had I been in a gayer place I should have been tempted to retain him longer; but I could not expect him to have the same fondness for a mere solitude that I have. The Prince took his departure the day preceding that of my nephew, and since they have both gone I have remained completely shut up within the walls of the old Palace. I think I shall be tempted to remain here for three or four weeks longer at least. I wish to enjoy the delights of this place during the hot weather, and to have a complete idea how those knowing Moors enjoyed **themselves**,

ALHAMBRA, MAY 23^d 1829

in their marble halls, cooled by fountains and running streams.

I thank you for the information you give me concerning the publication of my works. I am not sorry that the publication of the second edition of Columbus is retarded, as I may have to make a few alterations and corrections, in consequence of having just rec^d Mr. Navarrete's third volume of documents, containing some relative to Columbus. For the same reason I am willing the abridgement should be held back. If there is any particular reason, however, for hastening the publication of the latter, let it take place, as the corrections would not be very material.

During my sojourn in the Alhambra I shall have leisure and quiet to look over my manuscripts, and to get them in order so as to present some other work to the public before long. I shall also note down the corrections to be made in the History of Columbus. I mention these things to you because I consider

ALHAMBRA, MAY 23^d 1829

it the same as mentioning them to my brother E. I. and I doubt whether I shall have time to write to him by this post.

Your particulars concerning our ancient cronies are peculiarly gratifying to me. Indeed my dear fellow you cannot imagine how I dote on the remembrance of old friends and old times. I have laughed heartily at your account of that bulbous little worthy Jack Nicholson. Give my hearty remembrances to him and tell him I set as much store by him as ever, notwithstanding he does not write me any more letters. I am rejoiced to hear that Sam Swartwout has at length come uppermost in the political wheel,—what a whirligig world we live in!—and then to have Harry Ogden for his faithful squire! I think it a pity fat Jack Falstaff had not lived in these piping times. I'll warrant he would have had the robbing of the exchequer.

Your account of yourself is particularly encouraging—"that you might pass yourself

ALHAMBRA MAY 23^d 1829

off for a fresh bachelor of 35!" God bless us! Who knows but I may do the same—though I must confess I think I am beginning to wax old as doth a garment, and am, like Jack Nicholson, gradually increasing in the belt. However, I begin to grow hardened and shameless in the matter, and have for some time past given up all gallanting, and declared myself an absolute old Bachelor.

You seem to be all masking mad in New York. I am afraid our good city is in a bad way as to both morals and manners. What the cities of the old world take moderately and cautiously she gets roaring drunk with. I must say all this rioting and dancing at the theatres with public masquerades every night in the week has a terribly low lived, dissolute, vulgar look. We are too apt to take our ideas of English high life from such vulgar sources as Tom & Jerry and we appear to be Tom and Jerrying it to perfection in New York.

Give my kindest remembrances to your

ALHAMBRA, MAY 23^d 1829

good parents and to all the Renwick family. It gives me sincere delight to hear that Mrs. Renwick enjoys such good health and good spirits. My dear Brevoort the happiest day of my life will be when I once more find myself among you all. We will then talk over old times, and vaunt as much of our old feats and old frolics as did ever Master Shallow and fat Jack. I have got so entangled however in literary undertakings here in Europe that I cannot break away without interrupting all my schemes, and sacrificing profits which a little time, patience, and perseverance will enable me to realize and which I trust will secure a moderate independence for the remainder of my existence. This alone keeps me from immediately returning. My dearest affections are entirely centered in my country.

Your affectionate friend

WASHINGTON IRVING.

VALENCIA, AUGUST 10th 1829

Valencia, Aug. 10th 1829.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I had intended writing to you from the Alhambra, but the time for my departure arrived before I had half finished with my correspondents. I cannot express to you how sensibly I feel the interest you have taken in my late appointment; I am gratified that my brothers consulted you concerning it, as I know you to consider my affairs both with brotherly feeling and with knowledge of the world. As it appeared to be the general wish of my friends that I should accept this appointment I have done so; but I can assure you when I took my last look at the Alhambra from the mountain road of Granada, I felt like a sailor who has just left a tranquil port to launch upon a stormy and treacherous sea. I shall give the experiment a trial; but I do not think I am fitted for public life; and doubt whether I should not serve my country, my friends and myself better by continuing on in

VALENCIA, AUGUST 10th 1829

the tranquil and retired career of literature. Perhaps I may be able to combine both—we shall see. I have been infinitely amused with the source from whence this tide of honour and employment has suddenly flowed upon me: the patronage of little Jack Nicholson. How whimsically the affairs of this world are influenced. I declare to you that the oddity of the circumstance had some effect in putting me in good humour with the appointment. I felt quite tickled with the idea of having the honest little tar for a political patron. I have reason to believe, however, that my old chum Paulding who was at Washington at the time had a main hand in promoting the appointment.

I left the Alhambra on the 29th July, after having passed between two and three months there in a kind of Oriental dream. Never shall I meet on earth with an abode so much to my taste, or so suited to my habits and pursuits. The sole fault was that the softness of the climate, the silence and serenity of the

VALENCIA, AUGUST 10th 1829

place, the odour of flowers and the murmur of fountains had a soothing and voluptuous effect that at times almost incapacitated me for work, and made me feel like the Knight of Industry, when so pleasingly enthralled in the Castle of Indolence.

I set out from Granada on my long journey for England in company with a young Englishman of one of the first families of Staffordshire, Mr. Ralph Sneyd. He is an Oxonian, and well bred, intelligent, and amiable. We have made our journey to this place in a kind of covered cart called a Tartana drawn by a mule. In this we put two mattresses, on which we lolled as we were trundled along the mountain roads at the average of about twenty eight miles a day. The heat of the weather at this season of the year made it inadvisable to travel on horseback; and as it was we were obliged to be there several hours during the heat of the day and travel very early in the mornings and in the evenings. We have

VALENCIA, AUGUST 10th 1829

traversed the Ancient Kingdom of Murcia: have touched at Alicante and passed over a part of the rich plain of Valencia. In our route we bordered along the country lately desolated by earthquakes, where the earth is still in a feverish state, and saw traces of the effects of the recent convulsions in the walls of the churches, convents & houses. Though the towns through which we passed were not those which had most suffered, yet we found many of their inhabitants still living in huts of reeds and clay slightly put together so as to yield to any agitation of the earth. We heard one still morning the rumbling of an earthquake but were not sensible of any movement of the earth. We have since heard that it was more violent in another part of the country. Our route has led us through many very wild and picturesque scenes & many delicious valleys, but the general character of the Spanish scenery is stern, mountainous and arid; partaking more of a melancholy

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sublimity than of luxuriance or beauty. We have been through some of the tracts, also, most noted for robbers but have escaped without being obliged to pay toll, though for the greater part of the way we had no other escort but a long legged Portuguese with a musket, who acted as our servant along the road. Travelling through the greater part of Spain is pretty much the same as it was in the days of Don Quixote. The posadas and ventas have seldom any thing to give you; you must either bring your provisions with you or forage for them through the village. Our beds at night were the mattresses we brought in the cart, which were spread on the floor and we laid on them in our clothes. The mattresses of the Inns, where they do possess such conveniences, are not to be trusted at this season of the year.

We have now arrived at the Diligence road and shall henceforth travel more rapidly. Tomorrow evening we start in the Diligence

VALENCIA, AUGUST 10th 1829

for Barcelona, and in the course of a few days I hope to cross the Pyrenees and find myself in the gay country of France. I assure you, however, I shall leave Spain with feelings of great regret. A residence of between three and four years in it has reconciled me to many of its inconveniences and defects, and I have learned more and more to like both the country and the people.

Barcelona, Aug. 14. We arrived here early this morning—after a most interesting journey through the populous, industrious and beautiful province of Catalonia; which is totally distinct in its characteristics from the other parts of Spain. We wait here three or four days for our Trunks, which we forwarded from Granada by the Corsarios, or company of armed Muleteers, for more security from robbers. When we receive these we shall resume our route and in the course of a couple of days cross the frontiers.

VALENCIA, AUGUST 10th 1829

London. Oct. 6th. I have had no time to continue this letter. My journey from Barcelona to Paris was a tremendous fag: day and night for nine days without going to bed. I found Peter at Paris in fine health & spirits. He has not looked, or been so hearty & merry for years. I staid in Paris a little more than a fortnight: when hearing that the Frigate had arrived at Portsmouth with Mr. McLane I set off to meet him at London. I am perfectly delighted with him, and doubt not we shall live most happily together. As yet we are unsettled: he has been ill, and is yet at a hotel: but I trust in the course of another week he will be comfortably fixed in his own house and I in lodgings close by him. When I have more leisure I will write to you again, in the mean time believe me as ever my dear Brevoort

Most affectionately yours
WASHINGTON IRVING.

LONDON, MAY 31st 1830

London, May 31st 1830.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I look forward with the greatest delight to the prospect of our once more meeting and should have endeavoured to be at Havre to greet you on your landing on this side of the Atlantic, but I am so trammelled by official and other duties that I find it impossible to leave England. Do let me hear from you, and tell me your plans, and whether it is probable you will soon pay London a visit. Peter is with me and in excellent health & spirits, and will be rejoiced to take you once more by the hand. I am writing this in excessive haste to send it by a gentleman about to set off for Havre where I hope he will deliver it into your own hands. In such case I would recommend him to your acquaintance and esteem, as a man of great worth & respectability. The bearer is Dr. de Butts professor of chemistry at the University of Maryland. It is probable, however, that

LONDON, MAY 31st 1830

you are already acquainted with him or at least know him by reputation.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Brevoort,
I am my dear Brevoort

Most affectionately yours

WASHINGTON IRVING.

LONDON, MARCH 31st 1831

London, March 31st 1831.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I will not pretend to apologize to you for not having written to you for so long a time. I am weary of apologizing on this head and by this time my friends must know the nature of my life in this tremendous Babel, which leaves me no leisure or quiet. As long as I remain in London I shall be worth nothing either to my friends or to myself & this I foresaw & foretold when I was advised to come here. However, this like all things else will have its end. I have heard from various quarters of your being very ill, and at length a letter from Jack Nicholson gave me an intimation of what I had hoped & surmised, that you had in fact submitted to the operation of which you spoke when in London. I am heartily rejoiced to hear it, and congratulate you with all my soul at having passed through the ordeal. I trust it will have a cheering effect upon your whole existence; for that is

LONDON, MARCH 31st 1831

but a dismal kind of life, that has a threatening cloud of malady always lowering on the horizon. Do drop me a line and tell me how you find yourself in health & how your spirits are affected by this relief from an old foe.

I am just recovering from a four days fit of illness—rather a long spell for my regular constitution. I believe it was brought on more by the excitement & the hurry & harassing life I lead here in this time of political, literary and fashionable tumult, than by anything else. The misfortune with me is that I embark in it with ill will, and worry myself by trying to stem the current, which after all, bears me away in spite of every exertion.

I am looking daily for Jack Nicholson, who will no doubt come charged to the very muzzle with all kinds of revolutions, conspiracies, brawls, & battles, having taken all the belligerent towns of Belgium and Holland in his route. I expect to see him rounder and more

LONDON, MARCH 31st 1831

robustuous than ever, having all the affairs of the world under his belt. What Jack will have to relate when he returns to New York! I think, like the Innkeeper in Rabelais, he ought to invite all the Quidnuncs of Wall Street to a general meeting to see him burst.

We are in the beginning of an eventful week. This evening will determine the fate of the present cabinet, which is in a tottering condition, & we are looking daily for decisive news from Paris. We must have tidings of moment, too, from Poland though I fear we shall have dismal news from that quarter. However, the *great cause of all the world* will go on. What a stirring moment it is to live in. I never took such intense interest in newspapers. It seems to me as if life were breaking out anew with me, or that I were entering upon quite a new and almost unknown career of existence, and I rejoice to find my sensibilities, which were waning as to many objects

LONDON, MARCH 31st 1831

of past interest, reviving with all their freshness and vivacity at the schemes and prospects opening around me. I trust, my dear Brevoort, we shall both be spared to see a great part of this grand though terrible drama that is about to be acted. There will doubtless be scenes of horror & suffering, but what splendid triumphs must take place over these vile systems of falsehood in every relation of human affairs, that have been woven on the human mind & for so long a time have held it down in despicable thraldom.

Do, when you have leisure, as leisure *you* surely must have in abundance, write me a line and do not stand upon the ceremony of my answering you regularly. If you could but know how I am cut up to very bits in my time and how totally I am destitute of leisure you would not stand upon any ceremony of the kind with me.

I received your letter by Mr. —— the gentleman who brought the pack some time since.

LONDON, MARCH 31st 1831

There was a long letter too from the authoress which it was quite out of my power to answer. I left the poem with Murray, on my going out of town, saying everything I could in its praise. He wrote me word that he had declined publishing it, as he did not think it calculated to advance either the author's interests or reputation. I am continually applied to by writers to help their works into the press—but there is no person less able to do so than I. My only acquaintance among the publishers is Murray, who is the most difficult being on earth to please—as to the other publishers, such as Colburn & Bentley, they are rather hostile to me than otherwise,—because, I have repeatedly declined their overtures and offers of higher prices if I would desert Murray, etc.

I enclose you a letter from the post office at Paris left at my lodgings a few days since & which must relate to some letter of y urs.

Give my kind remembrances to Mrs. Bre-

LONDON, MARCH 31st 1831

voort, Mr. Cannon, my little friends Laurie and Meta, etc. & believe me, my dear Brevoort,

Ever yours

W. IRVING.

Let me have your address at Paris accurately.

LONDON, JULY 5th 1831

London, July 5th 1831.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I have barely time to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 30th ult. which gives me the satisfactory intelligence of your safe return. You have made a most interesting tour and must have heaped in matter for after reflection, through eyes and ears. I shall feel right glad to see you again in England. Peter is with me & will remain with me until I am relieved from my present post, which I pray God may be as soon as possible; having but little ambition for official honour and a rooted aversion for all official responsibility, official ceremonials and diplomatic & court humbug. I am just recovering from a severe attack of the grippé, which has been as prevalent here as in Paris. Peter is likewise gradually extricating himself from its clutches.

Mr. Van Buren is spoken of as successor to Mr. M'Lane; though it is uncertain as yet whether he will accept. At all events he will

LONDON, JULY 5th 1831

wait until Mr. M'Lane's return. I hope he will accept, as I shall then in all probability be relieved in the course of September.

Mr. M'Lane has not absolutely accepted the situation offered him in the cabinet; though I have little doubt he will do so. He will be a tower of strength to the cabinet & an invaluable man for the nation. I have never known a man of higher & purer principles—and they are combined with admirable talents for public life. His departure is deeply regretted here by the first statesmen of both parties; and he leaves a name behind him that will not readily be forgotten.

The article in the Quarterly on Moore's Byron was written by Lockhart.

My brother Peter desires to be most affectionately remembered to you all.

Ever my dear Brevoort

Yours truly

W. I.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 2^d 1831

London, Nov. 2^d 1831.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I send you several letters received since your departure, by which it appears that Mrs. Brevoort expected you to remain some time longer in London. What a pity you disappointed her. Had you remained a day or two longer you might have seen the King and partaken of a roast goose which I had for dinner yesterday, and the savour of which alarmed the whole neighborhood.

Yours

W. I.

I have seen Han Powell and his wife. She has weathered the years that have elapsed since I saw her surpassingly well and is still a very handsome woman. Powell looks well, but hard and rather grey. I think marriage has improved him.

IRVINGTON-ON-HUDSON, 1838

MY DEAR PROVOST:—

I go up to Gouv Kemble's this afternoon in the Ohio—and take my niece Miss Paris with me—to pass a few days. Cannot you put up a shirt in a pocket handkerchief & go with us? William Kemble likewise goes up.

If you cannot get ready for this afternoon (5 o'clock) come up tomorrow.—We will visit Mrs. De Rham at her new establishment in the Highlands—look up Uncle Sam's quarters and play the very —

Yours ever

W. I.

PARIS, JULY, 1842

(In a letter, the manuscript of which is missing, written in July, 1842, from the office of the Legation at Paris, Irving expresses his pleasure at the prospect of having Brevoort's son, Carson, accompany him as an attaché at the Spanish Court. A portion of this missing manuscript follows.)

I am delighted to have him with me. My heart warms toward him, not merely on his own account, but also on your own. He seems like a new link in our old friendship, which commenced when we were both about his age, or even younger, and which I have always felt as something almost fraternal. . . .

I am anxious to get to my post and relieve my predecessor, Mr. Vail, who wishes to get to the mountains with his family for the health of his children. I am desirous, also, of forming my establishment, and feeling myself once more settled. The unsettled life I have led for some months past begins to be extremely

PARIS, JULY, 1842

irksome. I have enough to do to bother me, yet no settled occupation to interest me. My mind is perplexed by arrangements for my domestic establishment and solicitude about my new career, and, with all this, I am harassed by the claims of society, which, with all my exertions, I cannot fight off. Paris and London are terrible places for these kinds of claims, which cut up one's time, disturb one's quiet, and render life a continual round of empty toils. I am amused with the solicitude of our friend — on my account, who thinks I am turning my back upon fortune, and ruining my prospects in life by neglecting to follow up the friendships proffered me in saloons. He could restrain his feelings no longer, a few evenings since, at an evening party, where the Duchess of — had sought an acquaintance with me, and held me for some time in very amiable conversation. On leaving her, — took me aside, and implored me to leave a card the next day for the duchess,

PARIS, JULY, 1842

and at the same time read me a most affectionate lecture on my neglect of this piece of etiquette with respect to various other persons of rank. He attributes all this to my excessive modesty, not dreaming that the empty intercourse of saloons with people of rank and fashion could be a bore to one who has run the rounds of society for the greater part of half a century, and who likes to consult his own humour and pursuits.

BORDEAUX, NOVEMBER 26th 1843

Bordeaux, Nov. 26th 1843.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I received your most kind and welcome letter some short time before leaving Paris, and should have answered it immediately, but I was in one of those moods when my mind has no power over my pen. Indeed I have long owed you a letter and have intended to write to you; but correspondents multiplied fearfully upon me, and my pen was tasked diplomatically and otherwise, on my arrival at Madrid to such a degree as to fag me out, and to produce the malady which has harassed me for nearly a year past. I am now on my way back to my post after between two and three months absence. I set out in pursuit of health and thought a little travelling and a change of air would "make me my own man" again; but I was laid by the heels at Paris by a recurrence of my malady, and have just escaped out of the Doctor's hands sufficiently recovered to get back to my post; where I

BORDEAUX, NOVEMBER 26th 1843

hope, by care and medical treatment to effect my cure.

This indisposition has been a sad check upon all my plans. I had hoped, by zealous employment of all the leisure afforded me at Madrid, to accomplish one or two literary tasks which I had in hand; and thereby to encrease my pecuniary means so as to enable myself by and bye to return home and live in quiet in the bosom of my family. A year, however, has now been completely lost to me; and a precious year at my time of life. The Life of Washington, and indeed all my literary tasks have remained suspended; and my pen has remained idle; excepting now and then in writing a despatch to Government or scrawling a letter to my family. In the meantime the income which I used to derive from farming out my writings has died away; my monied investments yielded scarce any interest; and I really do not know what would have become of me and of those dependent upon me, if

BORDEAUX, NOVEMBER 26th 1843

Uncle Sam had not in a critical juncture taken me under his wing and made me a diplomatist! However, thank God, my health and with it my capacity for working are returning. I shall soon again have pen in hand and hope to get two or three good years of literary labour out of myself. Times are improving in America, and with them may improve the landed property which I hold. I may again find some bookseller to take a lease of my published works; and thus, by hook and by crook, may be enabled to return home and spend some few years with my kindred and friends before I die.

Carson will give you an account of diplomatic and household affairs at Madrid. I was extremely sorry to part with him, but I could not advise him to stay, where there was no career nor regular pursuit opening to him. I found him all that you represented him. Pure, amiable, intelligent, variously informed and accomplished, and of the strictest principles.

BORDEAUX, NOVEMBER 26th 1843

He is a youth whom it is impossible to live with intimately and not become attached to. His only defects are want of energy and perseverance, and a too great diffidence of himself. These prevent his undertaking great things, or following out his enterprises when undertaken. He has been highly esteemed by such persons here as became acquainted with him—among them some men of science. Indeed wherever he gives himself a chance of being known he will be appreciated; and when once he has gained a friend he will never lose him.

I do not know whether you speak in jest or earnest about the popular view of my conduct on the occasion of the diplomatic intervention for the safety of the little Queen during the late siege of Madrid. My conduct was dictated at the time by honest and spontaneous impulse, without reference to policy or politics. I felt deeply for the situation of the Queen and her sister and was anxious that their persons

BORDEAUX, NOVEMBER 26th 1843

should be secured from the civil brawls and fightings which threatened to distract the city and invade the very courts of the royal palace. In all my diplomacy I have depended more upon good intentions and frank and open conduct than upon any subtle management. I have an opinion that the old maxim "*Honesty is the best policy*" holds good in diplomacy!

Thus far I have got on well with my brother diplomatists; and have met with very respectful treatment from the Spanish Government in all its changes and fluctuations. I have endeavored punctually to perform the duties of my office and to execute the instructions of Government and I believe that the archives of the Legation will testify that the business of the mission has never been neglected. I have not suffered illness to prevent me from keeping every thing in train; and indeed my recovery has been retarded by remaining at my post during the revolutionary scenes of last summer, though urged by my physicians

BORDEAUX, NOVEMBER 26th 1843

to spend the hot months at the watering places in the mountains. I do not pretend to any great skill as a diplomatist; but in whatever situation I am placed in life, when I doubt my skill I endeavour to make up for it by conscientious assiduity.

While I was in Paris in driving out one day with my niece in the Champs Elysées, we nearly ran over my old friend Rogers. We stopped and took him in. He was on one of his yearly epicurean visits to Paris to enjoy the Italian opera and other refined sources of pleasure. The hand of age begins to bow him down, but his intellect is clear as ever, and his talents and taste for society in full vigor. He breakfasted with us several times and I have never known him more delightful. He would sit for two or three hours constantly conversing and giving anecdotes of all the conspicuous persons who had figured within the last sixty years; with most of whom he has been on terms of intimacy. He has refined

BORDEAUX, NOVEMBER 26th 1843

upon the art of telling a story until he has brought it to the most perfect simplicity, where there is not a word too much or a word too little; and where every word has its effect. His manner too is the most quiet, natural and unpretending that can be imagined. I was very much amused by an anecdote he gave us of little Queen Victoria and her nautical vagaries. Lord Aberdeen has had to attend her in her cruisings very much against his will; or, at least, against his stomach. You know he is one of the gravest and most laconic men in the world. The Queen one day undertook to reconcile him to his fate. "I believe my lord" said she graciously "you are not often sea sick." "Always madam" was the grave reply. "But"—still more graciously, "Not *very* sea sick." With profounder gravity—"VERY Madam!" Lord Aberdeen declares that if her Majesty persists in her cruisings he will have to resign.

I rejoice to hear of Mrs. Brevoort's improved

BORDEAUX, NOVEMBER 26th 1843

health and think you are right, should you find the sea coast of Long Island favorable to the health of your family, to set up a retreat there. You might build a very pleasant summer lodge at a cheap rate; and I can say from experience that a man has ten-fold more enjoyment from any rural retreat that belongs to himself than from any that he hires as temporary sojourn.

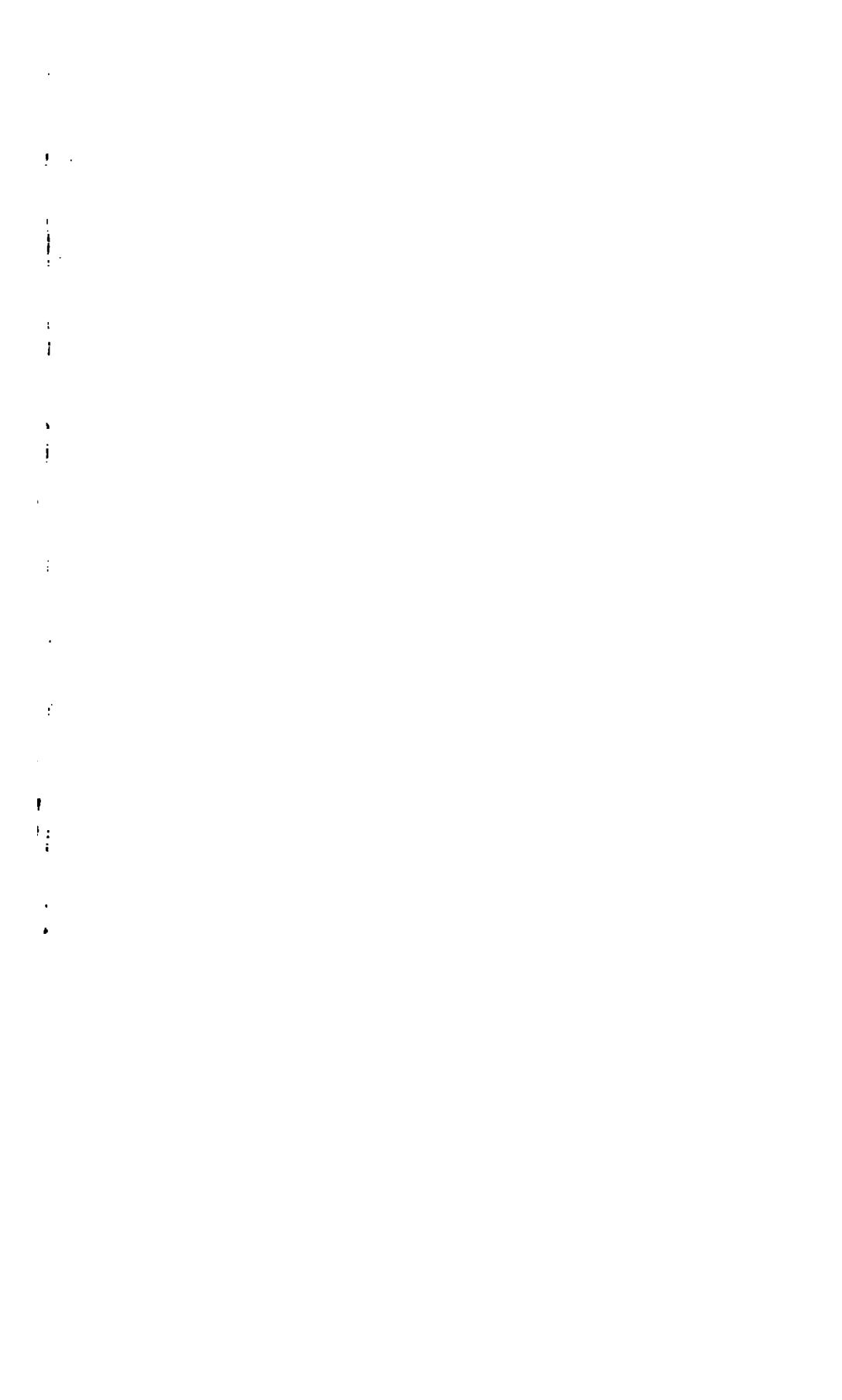
Give my kind remembrances to Mrs. Brevoort and to all the young folks, and believe me my dear Brevoort

ever most affectionately yours

WASHINGTON IRVING.











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